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MORAL EMBLEMS

WITH

APHORISMS, ADAGES, AND PROVERBS,
OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS,

FROM

JACOB CATS AND ROBERT FARLIE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FREELY RENDERED,

FROM DESIGNS FOUND IN THEIR WORKS,

BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

THE WHOLE

TRANSLATED AND EDITED, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY RICHARD PIGOT.



LONDON :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

1860.



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Q369m

1860

LIBROS Y AMIGOS,

A MAN IS BUT WHAT HE KNOWETH.

UN UOMO LETTERATO NE VAL DUE.

TO
WILLIAM STIRLING, ESQ^{RE}. (OF KEIR) M.P.
A LEARNED COLLECTOR OF THE PROVER-
BIAL PHILOSOPHY OF ALL AGES AND
NATIONS, THIS ATTEMPT TO REVIVE
A LOVE FOR EMBLEMATICAL
LITERATURE AND ART
IS DEDICATED
BY
JOHN LEIGHTON.

LONDON—1860.

POCOS Y BUENOS.

MORAL EMBLEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the Typification of Moral truths and Doctrines by Symbolical Images and Devices had its origin in remote antiquity, and subsequently became a favourite method of imparting counsel and instruction with the Greeks and Romans, it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that it began to assume (first in Italy) the character of a distinct kind of literature.

Towards the end of that century, the poetic genius of the erudite Andrea Alciati, of Milan, imparted so pleasing an impress to this new style of literature, as to direct thereto the attention of men of letters, with whom it soon became a favourite medium for the diffusion and popularization of moral maxims applicable to all the phases and circumstances of human life.

The Emblems of Alciati, written in Latin verse, and eulogized by such men as Erasmus, Julius Scaliger, Toscan, Neander, and Borrichius, were soon translated into the Italian, French, and German languages, and became so highly esteemed, that they were publicly read in the Schools, to teach youth the Art of Emblematic writing.

Thus established, as an elegant and useful method of inculcating, both by Word and Eye-pictures, the virtues of civil life ; men of learning, poets, and statesmen, in France, Holland, Germany, Spain, and England, vied with each other, as it were, throughout the seventeenth century, in the cultivation of this branch of Composition, insomuch that it had become a favourite and admired medium for the diffusion of Religious, Social, and Political maxims, and maintained that position in public favour up to the end of the eighteenth century.

In the seventeenth century, Printing, and its sister art Engraving, had attained in Holland to a higher grade of perfection than in any other country of Europe ; and, favoured by circumstances so auxiliary to the artistic illustration of works in the then not inaptly-termed " Picture Language," the poetic genius of a Jacob Cats found, in the pencils of Jan and Adrian Van De Venne, and the burins of Matham, Pet de Jode, Verstralen, Van Bremden, and others, artistic exponents worthy of his muse, and equal to his most ardent desires.

Introduction.

D. JACOB CATS, the eminent Dutch Jurisconsult, Statesman, and Poet, was born at Brouwershaven in the Isle of Schouwen, province of Zeeland, on the 10th November, 1577. His father was a counsellor of some standing; and his son Jacob was first destined to the profession of the law. Having completed his course of philosophy, he proceeded to the University of Leyden, to study jurisprudence. From thence he went to France, and was some time at the University of Orleans, where he took the degree of Doctor of Laws. He subsequently went to Paris, and was very desirous to visit Italy; but his family opposed his going thither, and he was obliged to return to Holland. Arrived at the Hague, he applied himself wholly to jurisprudence, and was assiduous in his attendance at the Public Pleadings of the most distinguished lawyers. To perfect himself still more in his profession, he put himself under the direction of the jurisconsult, Cornelius Van der Pol, one of the most eminent pleaders of the Dutch Bar. Some time afterwards, Cats practised with distinction at Zieuwreckzee, and at Brouwershaven. At this period it would seem he applied himself no less assiduously to Poetry, and not only became distinguished among the literati of Holland for the purity and elegance of his Latin verses, but soon took rank as one of her first lyrists in his native tongue. Falling seriously ill of an hectic fever, induced by over-application to study, he was advised by his physicians to seek a change of air.

Hereupon he repaired to England, and visited the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. When in London he consulted the then celebrated physician, Dr. Butter, on the subject of the obstinate fever which still afflicted him; but that physician was not more fortunate in his prescriptions than those of Holland. Upon his return to his native country, he was eventually cured, says his biographer, Moreri, by an old alchymist.

Distinguishing himself by his legislative and statesmanlike qualifications, no less than he had done by his poetic genius, Jacob Cats rose subsequently to high Official rank, and for several years filled the post of State Pensionary and Chief Magistrate of Middleburgh and Dordrecht. He was eventually promoted to the rank of State Counsellor and Grand Pensionary of the province of West Friesland, and made Keeper of the Great Seal of Holland. After filling these important Offices for eighteen years, having now attained the age of seventy-two, he requested permission to retire into private life; which was at length granted by the States. His valuable services were, nevertheless, once more required, and he was solicited to form a member of the Embassy sent at that time to England, to arrange a treaty of commerce between the two countries. After discharging the important duties therein delegated to him, he retired wholly into private life, and devoted himself with faculties still unimpaired to the Muses, up to the advanced age of eighty-three years, when he may be said to have expired with the pen in his hand. Few men have left behind them greater proofs of indefatigable industry than Jacob Cats; and his numerous lyrical works are as rich in poetic genius as they are replete with evidence of world-knowledge and genial with the love of mankind.

Introduction.

Would the limits allotted to this Introduction permit of a more detailed account of the life and works of this highly gifted, good man, numerous incidents and passages in both might be adduced, which would awaken in the breasts of Englishmen and women (for he was especially the poetic champion of the worth and virtues of the fair sex) an appreciation and esteem of his genius and character, as great almost as that felt for him by his own countrymen and women : among whom Father Cats, as he is affectionately called, is honoured as the bard of Home and of the Domestic hearth, the still popular and revered instructor of his countrymen in the Virtues of Social life, and in the Maxims of purest world-wisdom.

The "Moral Emblems" of Jacob Cats, to which Daniel Heinsius rendered his tribute of eulogy, as also two of Holland's greatest lyrists, Hoogstraaten and Zeeuwes, are almost unknown, even by name, in England, from being chiefly written in the Dutch language, of which it has been truly said, that "it has been a language too hastily neglected and despised by Englishmen."

They form, nevertheless, in the collect, a series of the most admirable compositions in Emblematic Literature which any language can boast, though written at a period when the Dutch tongue, like the rest of the northern European languages, was yet rigid and quaint in its structure, and so different in its orthographical style and idiom to the Dutch of the present day, that to most modern Dutch scholars his earlier works are almost a sealed book. Nevertheless, when Cats wrote in the vernacular of his day, the Dutch language, like that of his contemporary, Shakespeare, had been developing capabilities of harmony combined with vigour of expression, quite equal to our own, as an exponent of poetic thought and imagery, and was one in which no writer of his day knew better how to speak to the feelings of his countrymen, and win their hearts by the pleasantly conveyed wisdom of his "household words" than Jacob Cats.

By his "Sinne en Minne Beelden," and his "Emblemata Moralia et Œconomica," Jacob Cats first established his fame, both as a classical writer, an amiable moralist, and a popular poet. The former written in Dutch and Latin verse, each theme accompanied by a short distich in French verse, gave evidence both of the versatility of his poetic genius and of his linguistic talent. The success achieved by these compositions encouraged him to carry out his predilection for this style of writing in a yet more extended form ; and some time after he gave to the world his "Spiegel van den Voorleden en Tegenwoordigen Tyt," or "Mirrors of the Past and Present Time," in which he emblematised, in Dutch verse, the numerous proverbs and sayings of antiquity, together with the most popular and current adages of his day, in most of the European languages.

The above-named Emblematic works comprise many hundred subjects, in the treatment of which he evinced as much ingenuity as poetic grace, in working them out so as to render them a charming Code of Moral Instruction, addressed alike to the Youth of both sexes, and applicable to every phase of Civil and Political life.

Introduction.

To every subject of his Word-Pictures, he appends, in support of the moral he inculcates, the most pertinent quotations from the Ancient writers, and a most interesting collect of Popular adages, bearing upon the sense of each theme.

From so rich a mine of Emblematic lore, the present volume forms, of course, but a selection from each of the above-named series, the subjects of which could not therefore be placed in the same order as in the originals, without the appearance of meagreness; while the embodiment of the subjects selected in the present form will, it is hoped, be found more pleasing as a whole, and best calculated to give an idea of the diversity of subject treated by the Author.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a youth, was much influenced by the Artistic excellence of Adrian Van de Venne's Designs for the illustration of the Dutch Folio Edition of Cats' Works, of which he made careful copies; and Sir Wm. Beechy, in his Life of Reynolds, states that "Sir Joshua's richest store was Jacob Cats' Book of Emblems, which his grandmother, a native of Holland, had brought with her from that country."

Reproduced with the best appliances of Modern Art, in the Pictorial Illustration of the word-pictures of the Author, the original designs of Adrian Van de Venne, in a few instances only, have been deviated from, in so far as was deemed most consistent with the more elevated taste of the present day in pictorial embellishment.

The Proverbs of the different nations,—that wisdom which of all others sprang from the bosom of the Peoples in every land, and was handed down from generation to generation, rather orally than by books,—form so pleasing and instructive a feature in the Emblems of Cats, that they have been for the most part preserved in their literal garb of Cats' day, an adhesion to the original which it is believed will have a greater charm and interest for the student of Languages, curious to see the shape in which the traditionally acquired wisdom of long past days was expressed until it reached us in the more polished garb of modern times.

Wherever admissible, passages from English and other Authors, having an affinity in sense, and moral, to the Emblem or theme, have been introduced, by way of elaborating, or of giving more weight to the doctrine inculcated by the Author. The appendage to this selection from Cats' Moral Emblems of a reprint of the now exceedingly rare and curious Poems and Emblems of his contemporary Emblematist, the pious Scot, ROBERT FARLIE, published in London under the title of "Lychnocausia," in 1638, will, it is hoped, be considered a not unpleasing associate for the Dutch moralist, and their juxtaposition in the same volume give an additional interest to the whole.

THE TRANSLATOR.

LIST OF CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF JACOB CATS—Under allegorical figure of Universal Justice, supported on one side by Solomon, Confucius, and Æsop; upon the other by Age instructing Infancy and Adolescence, in the presence of Labour and Travel; whilst in the background Peace and Plenty are contrasted with the violent acts of man against the will of Supreme Power. In the centre foreground is a vase of flowers surrounded by choke-weeds—type of elevated nature a constant prey to the coarser elements. On the base are sculptured bas-reliefs, “*Suum cuique*”—Let each apply to himself that which him fits; “*Bonus cum bonis*”—The just with the true. *Frontispiece, engraved by LEIGHTON.*

Page 1	None can clean their dress from stain, but some blemish will remain . . .	LEIGHTON.
4	<i>I lurke and shine</i>	GREEN.
5	Act wisely and thou shall't be free	DALZIEL.
8	<i>Diogenes Lanterne</i>	DALZIEL.
9	Whither the breath of my mistress calls me	GREEN.
12	<i>Whilst I breathe, I hope</i>	LEIGHTON.
13	If poor, act cautiously	WHYMPER.
16	<i>Light onely is my praise</i>	LEIGHTON.
17	Rest content where thou art	GREEN.
20	<i>Better with a little</i>	DE WILDE.
21	Love takes possession of the mind insensibly	LEIGHTON.
24	<i>I lay open here onely</i>	DE WILDE.
25	The inexpert are wounded	GREEN.
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44	<i>Whither my soule</i>	GREEN.
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69	Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip	GREEN.
72	<i>Light me, I shal sigh no more</i>	LEIGHTON.
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84	<i>In vaine thou putttest me out.</i>	LEIGHTON.
85	When slovenly servants get tidy, they polish the bottoms of the saucepans	LEIGHTON.
88	<i>'Tis better to tarry</i>	LEIGHTON.
89	Grease the fat sow	SMYTHE.
92	<i>Altero extingnor, Altero accendor</i> (The one puts me out, the other kindles me)	GREEN.
93	Play with the dog, and he'll spoil your clothes	GREEN.
96	<i>I am consumed more, and shine less.</i> (Magis consumor minus luceo)	GREEN.
97	Bees touch no fading flowers	DALZIEL.
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ALL ARTS AND SCIENCES OWE THEIR WORTH

TO THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

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EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT

OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

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233	Well set off is half sold	DALZIEL.
236	<i>Finis</i>	DE WILDE.
237	One stroke fells not an oak	HARRAL.
240	THE END. <i>Study me in thy prime, bury death and weary time</i>	LEIGHTON.

WORKS OF TASTE INTRODUCE US INTO A NEW AND MODEL WORLD,

AND IMPROVE AND ENLARGE THE MIND LIKE TRAVELLING.

WITH HONOUR, FAITH, AND WITH THE EYE, TRIFLE NOT.

On ne peut décrotter sa robe sans emporter le poil.



NONE CAN CLEAN THEIR DRESS FROM STAIN, BUT SOME
BLEMISH WILL REMAIN.

HOW I've splash'd and soil'd my gown!
With this gadding through the town:
How bedraggled is my skirt,
Trapefing through the bye-streets dirt:
In what a state for me to be,
From this Town-life gaiety!

EHRE GLAUBE, UND AUGER KEIN SCHERTZ.

Come girls here, come all I know,
 Playmates mine, advise me, shew
 In this plight that I'm come to,
 What is best for me to do?
 How shall I remove this stain,
 And restore my gown again?

If to wash it out I try—
 Washing shrinks the cloth when dry;
 Makes the colour often fade,
 Or else gives a darker shade:
 If I cut it out, there'll be
 Such a hole that all must see:
 If I rub it hard, 'twill take
 All the nap off then, and make
 Yet more plain, the stain that ne'er
 Honest maiden's dress should bear.
 Pray then tell me some of you,
 What in this mishap to do?
 Thus so flut-like to be stain'd,
 Makes me of myself ashamed;
 For wherever I may go,
 People will look at me so,—
 And think perhaps,—such dirt to see,
 I'm not what I ought to be.

Say, can none of you suggest,
 What in such a case is best?—
 No?—then this I plainly see,
 You must warning take by me!
 If you would not soil your gown;
 Go not gadding through the town:
 In the streets who plays the flirt,
 Never yet escaped some dirt:—
 Run not therefore East and West,
 Home for girls is much the best.

FEMMINE E GALLINE PER TROPPO ANDAR SI PERDONO.

WOMEN AND HENS ARE LOST BY TOO MUCH GADDING.

Maidens, wherefoe'er you go,
Walking, trav'ling to and fro;
Over land or over sea,
In whatever way it be;
In the Country or the Town,
Over meadow, dale or down,
Over hill or over moor,
In the house or out of door,
Over road or over street,
Girls, where'er you bend your feet,
Keep your Clothes and Kirtles neat.

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.—*Proverbs* xxii. 1.

Redire, cum periit, nescit pudor.—*SENEC. Agam.*

Ego illum periisse puto, cui periit pudor.—*PLAUT.*

Omnia si perdas; famam servare memento;

Quà semel amissà postea nullus eris.

Etiam sanato vulnere cicatrix manet.

Although the wound be healed it always leaves a scar.

Of schoon de wond'al is genesen,

Daer sal noch al een teyrken wesen.—*Old Dutch Proverb.*

Die in een quaet geruchte kommt, is half gehangen.—*Ibid.*

Who comes to an evil repute is half hanged.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him.

CONDUCT thyself always with the same prudence, as though thou wert observed by ten eyes, and pointed at by ten fingers.—*CONFUCIUS.*

PUT a curb upon thy desires if thou would'st not fall into some disorder.—*ARISTOTLE.*

It is better to be poor, and not have been wanting in discretion, than to attain the summit of our wishes by a loose conduct.—*DIOGENES.*

BE discreet in your discourse, but much more in your actions; the first evaporates, the latter endure for ever.—*PHOCYLIDES.*

SHUN the society of the depraved, lest you follow their pernicious example, and lose yourself with them.—*PLATO.*

Eer is teer. Honour is tender.

The finest silk will spoil the soonest.

Celle n'est pas entièrement chaste qui fait douter de sa pudicité.

BEFORE my Light was to the winds a scorne,
 My body likewise subject to be torne;
 Now for a safeguard I this lanterne have,
 So whilst I shine from wrong it doth me save;
 Even as the Diamond his light forth sends,
 And with his hardnesse still himselfe defends.

Honour is subject to unconstant chance,
 Nor can it without envy 't felse advance:
 Vertue to honour is a brafen wall,
 Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
 And how so ever Fortun's stormes doe blow,
 Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can show.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



FEMME SOTTE SE CONNAIT A LA COTTE.

A FOOLISH WOMAN IS KNOWN BY HER DRESS.

STRAW BANDS WILL TIE A FOOL'S HANDS.

Fac Sapias, et Liber eris.



ACT WISELY AND THOU SHALL'T BE FREE.

MUCH Men do is Folly merely ;
And if asked the reason, why ?
Seldom, truthfully and clearly,
To the question they reply.
If reply they make, 'tis ever,
With them all, the same excuse ;
And some think the answer clever :
“ 'Tis the Fashion ” — “ custom ” — “ use ! ”

CE QUE ME LIE, C'EST MA FOLIE.

FOOLS GROW WITHOUT WATERING.

EVERY FOOL IS PLEASED WITH HIS BAUBLE.

Thus it ever is with fools;
 Custom more than Reason rules:
 And where Reason should be law,
 Fashion—Customs, slight as straw,
 Stronger chains on them impose,
 Bonds more binding far than those,
 Tyrants since the world began,
 Laid upon their fellow man.
 He vainly boasts that he is free,
 Who fears t' infringe on Fashion's rule;
 For worse than slave, already, he
 Is both at once—a slave, and fool.

INTER causas malorum nostrorum est, quod vivimus ad exempla, nec ratione componimur, sed consuetudine abducimur. Quod pauci faciunt, nolumus imitari: quum plures facere coeperunt, quasi honestius sit, quia frequentius, sequimur, et recti apud nos locum tenet error; &c.—SEN. *Epist.* 58.

Qui veut, il peut.

WHAT less, than Fool, and greater Fool, than he,
 Who knows no Heaven but his mistress' smiles,
 And bows his reason to the tyranny
 Of her caprice and ever changing wiles?
 Than he, whose brain-sick fantasy can find
 Subject for Love, in each insensate whim,
 And in her very faults of heart and mind,
 A grace, to none apparent but to him!
 Who sees not, when she most affects the Dove,
 She but derides the passion he reveals;
 And that most false when most she vows her love,
 'Tis but to seem what least she is—and feels.
 If true that, he who wills it may be free:
 Who hath no Will, must have a lack of brains;
 A straw-tied Fool! who for his stultity,
 In Love, as in aught else, deserves his chains.

A WISE man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's heart is at his left.—*Ecclesiastes* x. 2.

HE that sendeth a message by the hand of a Fool, cutteth off the feet, and drinketh damage.—*Proverbs* xxvi. 6.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a Fool returneth to his folly.—*Proverbs* xxvi. 11.

Non ex omni ligno fit Mercurius.
Magna Negotia viris magnis committenda.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.—S. GREG.

Ex thymbrâ nemo lanceam conficiet ;
Neque ex Socrate bonum militum.—ATHEN. *lib.* v.

TH' upward soaring spirit ever
Craves the joys of heaven to know,
But alas ! the vain endeavour !
Bondslave of the flesh, below :
Though they be but frail as straw,
Worldly joys more strongly draw.

For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty ; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.—*Galatians* v. 13.

THE weak may be laughed out of anything but their weakness.—M. DE GENLIS.

WE talk of acquiring a habit ! we should rather say being acquired by it. Habit is the janissary power in man ; Passion and Principle the antagonist revolutionary powers for evil and for good.

YOU may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
A foolish heart.—SHAKESPEARE.

A NATION deserves no better laws than those it will submit to.—GOETHE.

THE Nation, like the man who would be free,
Must merit first the rights of liberty.

A FOOL IS LIKE OTHER MEN AS LONG AS HE IS SILENT.

D'UN FOL NE FIT, JAMAIS HOMME SOU PROFIT.

FOOLS ARE NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

WHOSE purchase was his pouch, his house a tun,
 Criticke of actions whatsoever done,
 That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
 Searching for one, whose actions were upright.
 The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
 Mens actions by the lamp are best espy'd;
 For men in day time maskt with vizards goe,
 Of truth and faith making an outward show.
 But when they can nights secret silence find,
 Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.

Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp sees one,
 Who's honest still, though witnesse there be none.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



FOOLS SHOULD NA HAE CHAPPING STICKS.

ONLY THE RICH FOOL IS SAID TO SPEAK SENSE.

FILL THE LAWYER'S PURSE.

AS THE WIND BLOWS, SO THE WEVELL GOES.

Dominæ, quo me vocat, aura.



WHITHER THE BREATH OF MY MISTRESS
CALLS ME.

SPORT of thy mistress' fickle mind,
Hapless lover! turning ever
Like the wevell with the wind,
Hast not strength such bonds to sever?

Look around thee, senseless lover!—
Fair as she thou'lt many find;
Many who possess moreover,
Far more charms of heart and mind.

OU QUE SPIRE, ME TIRE.

A WOMAN'S MIND AND WINTER WIND CHANGE OFT.

VIENTO Y VENTURA POCO DURA.

Slave of her despot frown or smile ;
 Haft no other will to guide thee,
 Than her changeful will, who while
 Ruling thee, doth but deride thee ?
 He who thus subjects his reason
 To a fickle woman's rule,
 Merits just as much derision
 As the witlefs straw-tied fool.

QUAM miserè servit, cui mulier imperat, cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat
 quod videtur : qui nihil imperanti negare potest, nil recusare ; poscit, dandum
 est ; ejicit, abeundum ; vocat, veniendum ; minatur, extimescendum !—CICERO.

IMPONIT leges vultibus illa tuis.—OVID.

Quo nos Numen agit.

Whither God directs us.

HE is the wisest, who has school'd his mind
 T'adopt the current of the ruling wind.
 Blow whence it will, prepared for all event,
 With fortune's dispensations e'er content,
 Who with discernment both in time and place,
 Bends his opinion with a cheerful grace ;
 To him unknown the troubles which impart
 The constant fever of the stubborn heart,
 That 'mid a world of change would stand aloof,
 To stem the torrent with his vain reproof.
 To change opinion and yet constant be,
 Is possible alone to such as he
 Whose strength of mind is in its pliancy.

UT acerbitates multas ac molestias evitemus, consilia ad eventus ac tempora flectenda
 sunt.—SENECA.

OPORTET enim tanquàm in talorum jactu, ad id quod ceciderit, res suas accommodare.
 PLATO.

LEVE fit quod bene fertur onus.—OVID.

QUONIAM id fieri quod vis non potest, velis id quod possis.—TERENCE.

TEMPORI enim cedere, id est necessitati parere, semper sapientis habitum est.—CICERO.

DECET id pati æquo animo ;

Si id facietis, levior labos erit.—PLAUTUS.

THE WISE MAN CHANGES HIS OPINION—THE FOOL NEVER.

E MEGLIO PIEGARE CHE ROMPERE.

BETTER BEND THAN BREAK.

THROW aside prejudice and thou art saved. Who prevents thee from doing so?—
MARCUS AURELIUS.

ALL things change—You yourself continually change, and destroy yourself in some part. It is the same with the whole world.

WE should take counsel of reason upon that which befalls us, and correct by our prudent conduct the injustice of fortune, as a gamester repairs a stroke of ill luck by his skill.—PLATO.

A SURE means to become inaccessible to disappointment, is to become penetrated with the inconstancy of fortune, and to be prepared for all her capriciousness.—PLUTARCH.

NECESSITATI ne quidem Dii resistunt.—ERASMUS.

Les hommes légers et flottans,
Perdent toujours leur avantage :
Aussi n'appartient-t'il qu'au sage,
De sçavoir bien prendre son temps.—GOMBERVILLE.

THE goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—CARLYLE.

WHEN things will not suit our will, it is wise to suit our will to things.—*Arabic Prov.*

ALL our undertakings should be bent in accordance with the circumstances of the moment.

In Domino quies.

Rest is in God.

FIX'D to no point, the wevell sways about,
Obedient to th' uncertain wav'ring blast ;
But when the wind has ceas'd to blow in doubt,
The wevell to one point is fix'd at last.
Vain heart ! go search the world's remotest nook,
Pry into all, examine every book,
With equal thirst and hunger still oppress'd,
In God, the Lord, thou ll't find alone true rest.

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—
Matthew xi. 28.

WHOM have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.—*Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

TAKE my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls ; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—
Matthew xi. 29, 30.

A THOUSAND evils this my life doth spend,
 At length fierce Boreas thereto puts an end :
 My light, my heat, my flame and all is past ;
 Onely, whilst breath remaines, my hope doth last.
 This life of ours is toft to and againe,
 Time and unconstant Fortune workes our bane :
 Care kils us, griefe, diseases doth outweare
 This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.
 Fortune takes what she in the morning gave ;
 Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have ;
 Strength, beauty perish, honours flye away,
 False friends, when meanes are gone, they will not stay.
 Hope's onely constant in adversity,
 Before she's kild by death, she will not fly.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



IL FAUT SOUFFRIR CE QU'ON NE PEUT GUERIR.

MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

NECESSITY HAS NO LAW.

Pauper agat cautè.



IF POOR, ACT CAUTIOUSLY.

LITTLE fish! why come you skimming
On the surface as you do?
Deeper down you should be swimming,
That's the fitter place for you.
Here above, great sea-mews hover,
Keen of eye, and swift of flight;
And for such as you moreover,
Have a wondrous appetite.

HE WHO CLIMBS TOO HIGH, IS NEAR A FALL.

LITTLE BOATS SHOULD KEEP THE SHORE—

LARGER SHIPS MAY VENTURE MORE.

Here alone, the kings of ocean
 May with safety dare the light,
 But how came you by the notion
 Thus to brave the eagle's fight?
 Every kind of little creature
 Should its proper station know;
 And your fitter place by nature,
 Is much rather—down below.
 But if little Bleaks disport them,
 Like the porpoise and the whale,
 While so heedless they comport them,
 Danger must their lives assail.
 Little fishes undertaking
 What the great alone may do,
 Like all, who their part mistaking,
 Soon or late their folly rue.

EVERY little fish expects to become a whale. He who would be every where will be no where.—*Danish Proverb.*

THOSE who wade in unknown waters will be sure to be drowned.

AN ounce of discretion is better than a pound of wit.

Who always does that which pleases him
 Does not always what he ought.

SEMPRE ha torto il piu debole.
 A cader va chi troppo in alto sale.

ON ne doit jamais prétendre à des droits qu'on ne scauroit soutenir.

Quien siempre hace lo que quiere.
 No hace siempre lo que debe.—*Spanish Proverb.*

TRASPASA el rico las leyes, y es castigado el pobre;
 THE rich man transgresses the law, and the poor man is punished.

SEEKEST thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for behold I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord.—*Jeremiah* xlv. 5.

As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 8.

A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 12.

He that exalteth his gate, seeketh destruction.—*Proverbs* xvii. 19.

WHO shall go about
To cozen Fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.—SHAKESPEARE.
POOR and content, is rich and rich enough.—*Ibid.*
THRASO is Gnatho's prey.—LORD BACON.
TRUE happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found with a contented mind.

WHEN we have reached the summit of a vain ambition, we have only reached a pinnacle where we have nothing to hope, but everything to fear.—COLTON. *Lacon.*

PARVUM parva decent.—HORACE.

FELIX est qui sorte sua contentus vivit.—HORACE.

NE te quæstiveras extra.—*Ibid.*

CUI non conveniat sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit subvertit, si minor uret.—*Ibid.*

Ne quid nimis.—TERENCE.

HAUD facillè emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.—JUVENAL.

Pauper amet cautè, timeat maledicere pauper,
Multaque divitibus non patienda ferat.—OVID.

Quid fuit ut tutas agitare Dædalus alas,
Icarus immensas nomine signet aquas?
Nempe, quòd hic altè, demissiùs ille volaret,
Nam pennas ambo non habuere suas,
Crede mihi, benè qui latuit, benè vixit, et intrà
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.—OVID.

Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia.—JUVENAL.

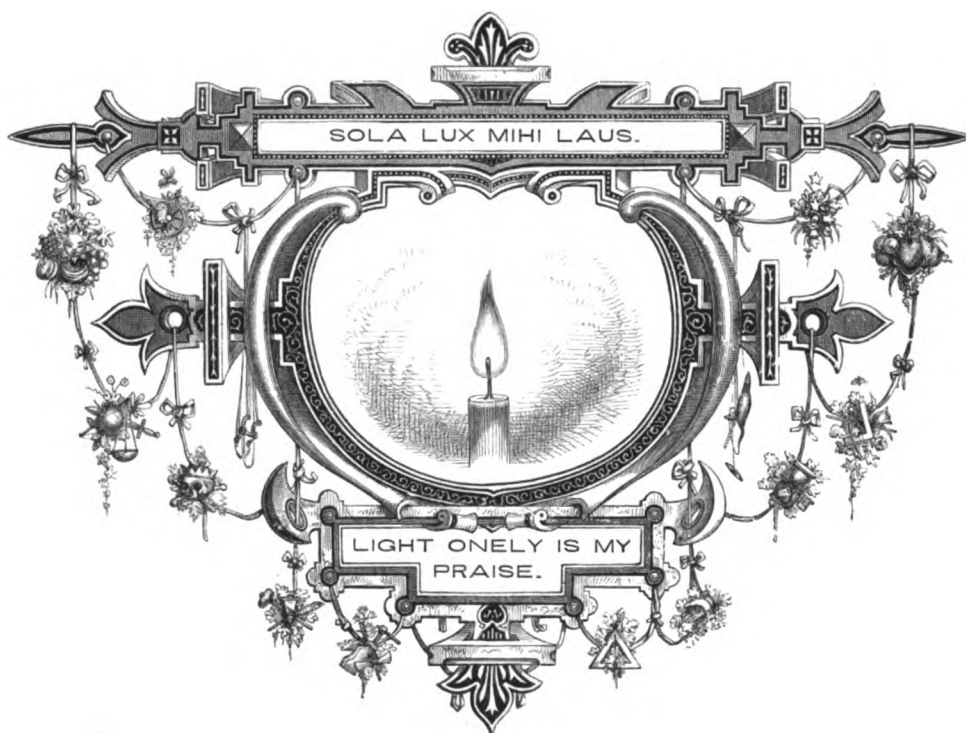
ALL MEN CAN NOT BE FIRST.

ALL IS FINE THAT IS FIT.

LIGHT is the Torch life of heavenly kind,
 Thus to a fraile and greasie masse combind,
 To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
 Giving it glosse and colour from his Art.
 The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
 Which first was framed onely for this end.

It is our mind that doth our life approve,
 Shewing our race derived from above.
 Blind Fortunes goods, kins generosity
 Youths strength, and beauties curiosity
 Make not, unlesse the spirit doe us feason
 With that Heav'n-bred sparkle of divine reason.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



VIVES TUA SORTI CONTENTUS.

LIVE CONTENT WITH THY LOT.

PRIDE THAT DINES ON VANITY, SUPS ON CONTEMPT.

QUI EST BIEN, QU'IL SY TIENNE.

Vry dae-r gy zyt.



FELICE NON E CHI D'ESSER NON SA.

HE IS NOT HAPPY WHO KNOWS IT NOT.

REST CONTENT WHERE THOU ART.

THERE is a Fish, so Fishers say,
Of mood so giddy and so gay;
So fond of glare and dazzling light,
That even in the darkest night,
'Twill crowd thereto in sportive play,
And e'en more ready than by day
Become the wily Fisher's prey.

WHOSO IS WELL, LET HIM KEEP SO.

HOME IS HOME, BE IT NEVER SO HOMELY.

The Fisher who these fish would get,
Needs neither baited hook nor net :
A blazing torch, his only lure,
Fix'd in his boat, is far more sure
Than bow-net, seine, or hook and bait,
His skiff in little time to freight.
For while his mates propel the boat,
As up and down the stream they float ;
The fish enchanted with the light
That makes a mimic day of night,
From far and near toward the blaze
Directing their enraptur'd gaze,
Swim up in shoals, and sport around,
Till giddy with delight they bound
Into the fisher's bark, and there
Forfeit their life for love of glare.
Those who on Love or Pleasure bent,
Leave their own home and element ;
And wander far to court the grace
Or win the smile of stranger face,
Of whom they nothing farther know,
Than their mere outward charm and show ;
Have frequent reason to repent
They were not with their home content ;
And like the fishes of our tale,
Their folly, when too late, bewail.
Wooers and wooed ! to both of you,
Alike applies a maxim true,
Which cannot be too oft repeated :—
Who far away a-courting goes,
Where one of t'other little knows,
Or goes to cheat—or to be cheated.

HE MAY LIE BOLDLY WHO COMES FROM AFAR.

QUIEN lejos va a casar
O va engañado
O va a' engañar.

MAKE THYSELF HONEY AND THE FLIES WILL EAT THEE.

FALLITUR ignotis, aut fallit amator in oris.

UT cephalum Venetis fallat piscator in oris,
Præfiget parvæ lumina magna reti :
Mox piscis, quâ teda micat, salit, inque phaselum
Cum ruit, in prædam navita promptus adest.
Quid tibi cum flammis, cum sint tua regna sub undis,
Quid salis in Cymbam stulte, natare tuam est :
Ni cupiat vel fraude capi, vel fallere quemquàm,
Errat, in ignoto littore si quis amat.

Domus amica, domus optima.

THE finger of God points to home, and says to us all, "There is the place to find your earthly joy!"—REV. J. ABBOTT.

IF you find a young man who does not love home, whose taste is formed for other joys, who can see no happiness in the serene enjoyment of the domestic circle, you may depend upon it he is not to be trusted.—*Ibid.*

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, wherever we rove, is not met with elsewhere.
Home ! Home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !—B. CORNWALL.

MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,
 Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile.
 Deluge of waters drownes the fertile ground,
 Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound :
 Riot in cheere the body kils and minde,
 The meanest fare, the best for both we finde :
 Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
 If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

GREAT SMOKE, LITTLE ROAST.

TIME BRINGS ALL THINGS TO LIGHT.

Sensim amor sensus occupat.



TIME IS THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

PERFECTION IS NOT REACHED AT ONCE.

LOVE TAKES POSSESSION OF THE MIND INSENSIBLY.

THOUGH scarce at first apparent to the sight,
The words which on the tender bark we write;
Yet how distinct, 'ere long, the letters shew
In size increased, as with the rind they grow!
So by degrees, as on that lettered bark,
Doth Time expand to flame, Love's flightest spark:
So to the germ of Vice in early youth,
Time gives the increase with the body's growth;

~~~~~ SLOW AND SURE. ~~~~~

And errors deem'd at first too flight to trace,  
 Spread to a depth no efforts can efface.  
 From small beginnings rife the fiercest strife;  
 Nor Love, nor Vice, at once leap into life:  
 The breeze at first so zephyr-like and warm,  
 Is but too oft the prelude of the storm.  
 That so it is; how many have to grieve!—  
 The mischief when full grown we can perceive;  
 But how it grew—we scarcely can believe.

**A**MOR neque nos statim, neque vehementer ab initio, quemadmodum ira, invadit;  
 neque facile ingressus, decedit, quamvis alatus: sed sensim ingreditur ac molliter,  
 manetque diu in sensibus.—PLUTARCH.

LABITUR sensim furor in medullas,  
 Igne furtivo populante venas,  
 Non habet latam data plaga frontem,  
 Sed vorat tectas penitus medullas.—SENEC. *Hippol.*

LONG-WAITING love doth entrance find  
 Into the slow-believing mind.—SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

THERE is no argument of more antiquity and elegance than is the matter of Love;  
 for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man  
 and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all  
 ages shown their best workmanship.—ROBERT WILMOT.

**W**E are not worst at once—the course of evil  
 Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,  
 An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;  
 But let the stream get deeper, and Philosophy—  
 Aye, and Religion too—shall strive in vain  
 To turn the headlong torrent.—*Old Play.*

*Tempus omnia revelat.*

TERTULLIAN.

THERE is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be  
 known.—*Matthew x. 26.*



*Tenera Pietatis principia.*

By degrees, until Christ be formed in you.—*Galatians* iv. 19.

TILL we all come in the unity of the Faith, and of the Knowledge of the Son of God into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Ephesians* iv. 13.

DESPAIR not that the writing on the tree,  
So indistinct at first appear to thee :  
Of one day's growth was Virtue never known ;  
The Light of Grace spreads by degrees alone :  
Until throughout illumin'd by its ray,  
The Soul of Man made perfect in each way  
By Faith and Works, is fitted to partake  
The joys of Heav'n for his Redeemer's sake.

ALTHOUGH the operations of Nature are hidden, we must acknowledge the hand of a Power which acts in secret, as we acknowledge a force which attracts heavy bodies to the earth, or which carries light bodies upwards.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

*Medium Sol aureus orbem  
Occupat, et radiis ingentibus omnia lustrat.*

THE pitchy darkness of the night  
Is not immediate changed to Light :—  
'Ere morning shews his ruddy face,  
First breaks the dawn with gentle pace ;  
And then, the Sun, the World's bright eye,  
Rises and gradual mounts the sky ;  
Until at last his fullest ray,  
Floods sea and earth with brightest day.

BETTER is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof : and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 8.

DESERVE SUCCESS AND YOU SHALL COMMAND IT.

QUICK AND WELL DON'T AGREE.

PRESTO E BENE NON SE CONVIENE.

**T**HIS little rift and chap workes all my woe,  
 Whilst thorow it fierce Boreas doth blow ;  
 A crevice is a city gate to death,  
 Who still in ambush seekes to stop our breath :  
 A little chinke doth drowne the loaded barke,  
 A stately house is burned with a sparke :  
 And one disease doth this our health annoy,  
 One wound our life is able to destroy :  
 One sinne can Soule and Body overthrow  
 Into the hell, and darknesse that's below.  
 Doe not a danger which is meane despise,  
 From meanest causes greatest evils arise.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



VROEG OF LAAT KOMT DE WAARHEID AAN DEN DAG.

SOONER OR LATER, THE TRUTH COMES TO LIGHT.

~ LITTLE BY LITTLE THE BIRD BUILDS ITS NEST. ~

WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE MEDDLE NOT.

*Lædit ineptos.*



ERFAHRUNG IST DIE BESTE LEHRMEISTERIN.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

THE INEXPERT ARE WOUNDED.

AS food for man, like many other fish,  
A well dress'd Thornback is a dainty dish ;  
But in the cooking, less of art there lies,  
Than how to hold it when you've caught the prize :  
For he who doth not know this fish's ways,  
And grips him just as he would take another,

CUSTOM MAKES ALL THINGS EASY.

Most dearly for his want of knowledge pays  
 With unexpected pain, too great to smother:  
 While the more skill'd and cautious fisher, he  
 Seizing him first by one gill, then the other,  
 Short work of him soon makes, and as you see,  
 Laughs in his sleeve to hear his neighbour's pother.

*Non omnibus omnia.*

All things are not good for all.

WHO think that they the faculty possess,  
 All things alike to do with like success;  
 And that alike all things may be achiev'd,  
 Ne'er fail'd alike to find themselves deceiv'd.  
 Not ev'ry one is apt to ev'ry thing,  
 Nor the same talent to the purpose bring:  
 To take or this or that be what it may,  
 Each certain thing has its own certain way.  
 T'achieve success in all we would acquire  
 Needs something else beyond the mere desire.  
 And when obtain'd how oft 'tis but to find,  
 The thing desir'd, nor suited nor design'd  
 Or to our talent, health, or frame of mind.  
 All is not good for all, though all would be  
 Alike possessors of some thing they see:  
 What joy to one imparts and is his gain,  
 Is both at once another's loss and pain,  
 And ev'ry day doth some example shew  
 That one man's weal is but another's woe.

ARTE citæ remoque rates veloque reguntur,

Arte leves currus, arte regendus amor.—OVID I. *Amand.*

QUI secundos optat eventus, dimicet arte, non casu.—VEGET. *lib. 3 in Pref.*

AMABIT sapiens, cupient cæteri.—APUL *ex Afran.*

NO ONE IS HIS CRAFT'S MASTER IN ONE DAY.



*Without knowledge meddle not.*

DILVIS helleborum certo compescere puncto  
Nescius quantum? vetat hoc natura medendi.

Wilt thou mix hellebore, who doth not know  
How many grains should to the mixture go?  
The art of medicine this forbids, I trow.

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

THAT is a twofold knowledge, which profits alike by the folly of the foolish, and the wisdom of the wise; it is both a shield and a sword; it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.—COLTON. *Lacon.*

ONE man's meat is another man's poison.  
One man's fault is another man's lesson.

It is better to learn late than to remain ignorant.—PHOCYLIDES.

WHAT is the true good? Knowledge.  
And the true evil? Ignorance.—SENECA.

*Disappointment in Marriage.*

LISTEN, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints: hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—"They were mistaken in the person."—Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle:—some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart, *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*—falls off; *It is not the Rachael for whom I have served,—Why hast thou then beguiled me?*

Be open—be honest: give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing,—varnish nothing,—and if these fair weapons will not do,—better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day:—when the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story,—*And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!*

If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellencies which are not the portion of flesh and blood:—when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether 'tis Rachael or Leah—be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection,—it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds.

In such cases of deception, let not man exclaim as Jacob does in his,—*What is it thou hast done unto me?*—for 'tis his own doings, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetic indiscretion of his own passions.—STERNE'S *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 11.

SOMETIMES I was the brood of Gold'n-haird funne,  
 More pure, more chaff, than Vesta's watchfull nunne,  
 Purer than Easterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,  
 Purer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,  
 Purer than Pactols gravell often try'd  
 In fire, and furnace seven times purify'd :  
 But since the fates to greafe did me combine,  
 His filthy dregges are judged to be mine :

For why conjunction doth contagion make, .  
 And from th' impure the pure infection take.  
 The soule once plung'd into the body darke,  
 Forgets it was a chaff and divine sparke.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



EXPERIENCE PASSE SCIENCE.

MINUS VALENT PRÆCEPTA QUAM EXPERIMENTA.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST MASTER.

TON NON MOUVOIR, MOUVOIR ME FAIT.

*Dum Trahimus, Trahimur.*



DO GOOD WITH WHAT THOU HAST, OR

IT WILL DO THEE NO GOOD.

WHILE WE DRAW, WE ARE DRAWN.

**I** SEEK to move thee to my mind :  
But in so doing, this I find ; —  
That 'tis not I who give to thee  
The fond emotion I would see ;  
But thine immobility,  
That moves me rather, more to thee.  
Strange ! that the coldness of thine heart,  
Should thus to mine more warmth impart ;

THINE IMMOBILITY MOVES ME.

And thus, what I would draw, to see  
 Draw me, who would the drawer be!  
 The more thou dost my pray'r deny,  
 Alas! the more I burn and figh,  
 Lamenting Love's perversity.

*Adtrahens, abstrahor.*

The Puller is pulled.

LIFE'S high-rais'd landmark is the firm set rock,  
 Emblem of HIM who moveth all around,  
 Himself quiescent, yet who gives the shock  
 Of Life and Motion which throughout abound.  
 Man, whose weak hand, and as it suits his will,  
 Would pull to him that rock, shall strive in vain,  
 And learn therein, his Destiny is still  
 Thereto but to be drawn, howe'er he strain.  
 Sure guide to those who unreluctant hale  
 Their bark thereon—their toil shall best avail;  
 And those who doubt, shall find it still prevail.

Si nunquàm Danaën habuisset ahenea turris,  
 Non esset Danaë de Jove facta parens.—OVID, *Amor. Eleg.* 19.  
 Sæpè ego cùm possem facilem exorare puellam,  
 Difficilis mentem cœpit habere meam.

*Quod movet, quiescit!*

That which moves, is at rest!

GOD the Immoveable Rock, moves all.—*Psalm* xviii.

EVERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the  
 Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.—*James* i. 17.



*Omne motum non in moto movetur, sed in quiescente, et id quod movet, quiescit.*

HERM. *Pæmand.* cap. xi.

IMMUTABLE, yet changing all  
 On high, around, below ;  
 Immoveable, yet moving all  
 The way that all should go :—

Fount of all Life and Light,  
 All Good, all Love, all Grace ;  
 Encompassing with thought and sight,  
 Eternity and space :—

All Peace, all sweet repose and rest,  
 Yet ever moving still  
 Earth, Sea, and Sky, as He knows best,  
 His purpose to fulfil :—

Changeless, where endless change we see,  
 Unmov'd—the Mover moves  
 All else in changeful harmony,  
 And though unmov'd—HE LOVES.

WHAT is God? The Soul of the world. What is God? All that we see, and that we do not see. The grandeur of God is infinite ; alone He is all ; for He wills and directs His work.—SENECA.

AN Eternal God moves this mortal world ; an Incorruptible Spirit breathes life into our frail organs —CICERO.

WE cannot understand God other than as a simple, free Being, divested of all perishable admixture : knowing all things, impressing motion upon all, and enjoying in and of Himself an eternal activity.

How do the Heavens speak to us? In what language doth it instruct us? The seasons run their course ; all is reborn, all things are renewed. It is with this eloquent silence that they discourse to us the great Secret Principle by which all is moved.—CONFUCIUS.

Mon Dieu conduisse moy, par la voie ordonnée,  
 Je suivray volontiers, de peur qu'un fort lien  
 Ne m'entraîne mechant, où en homme de bien  
 Je pourrois arriver, suivant la destinée.

*The Prayer of Epictetus.* LE SIEUR DU VAIR. (*Manuel d' Epict.*)

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

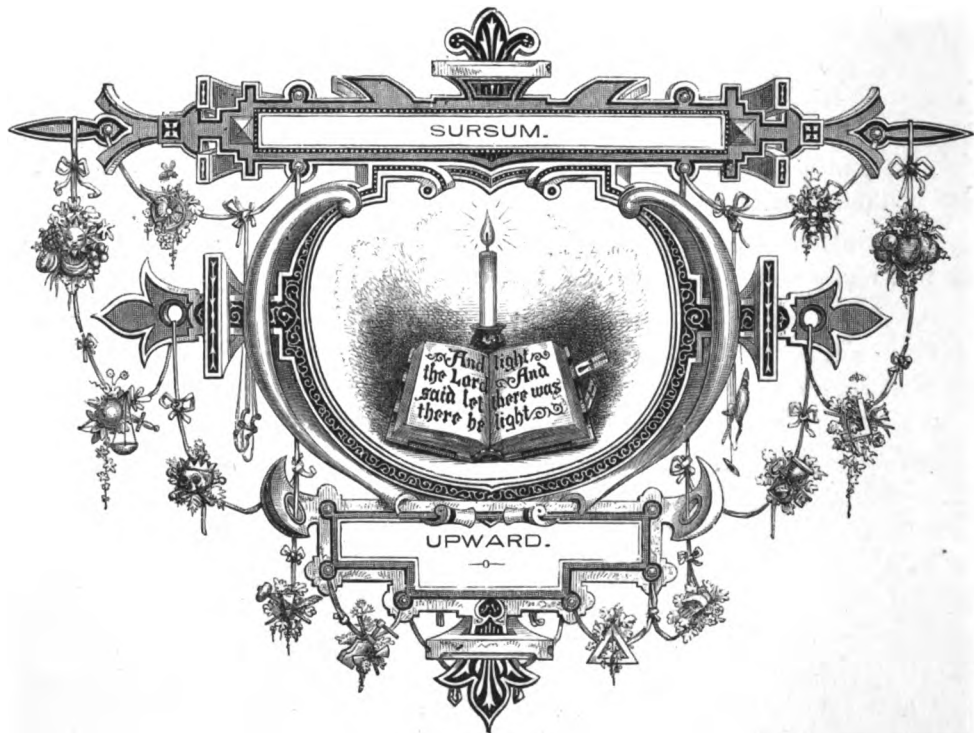
GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW, AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM.

**M**Y light from whence it came, mounts still on high  
Unto the source of light that's never dry.

Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,  
From whence their secret fountaines, first begun;  
Like as the stone doth to the center sway;  
So to the Spheres my light still makes his way.

No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,  
Nor pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold.  
The panting soule rests not, untill it see  
His maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT. THE TESTIMONY OF THE LORD IS SURE.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS; AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE!

LA PEUR EST GRAND INVENTEUR.

*Inverte, et Avertes.*



GUI LE VOIT D'ARRIERE S'EN MOQUE.

DO NOT TRUST TO APPEARANCES.

BOTH SIDES SHOULD BE SEEN.

**M**ASK, teen first in front, by children's eyes,  
Strikes them with terror and with wild surprise :  
But would'ft restore to calm the urchin mind,  
Avert the face, and let them see behind.  
With men no less, how oft doth it appear,  
The worst interpreter of things is Fear !  
How oft the crowds of men and women grown,  
Quailing like children at some form unknown—

FEAR IS A GREAT INVENTOR.

Or when some sound unusual strikes their ear,  
 Fly, to meet ills far worse than those they fear!  
 And yet how frequent, would they but restrain  
 The sudden terror of their fever'd brain,  
 And calmer wait t' examine and to see  
 The how, or end of what the thing may be;  
 Puerile as that which fill'd the child with dread,  
 They'd find the fancied peril which they fled;  
 And scan'd with coolness, learn more probably,  
 That what in front is terrible to see,  
 Seen from behind provokes hilarity!

*Timiditas est corruptio judicii.*

SENECA.

THE Imagination (says Seneca) appals us usually more than the thing itself; in like manner as the mere whizzing sound of a sling frightens birds, and makes them take wing, so are we alarmed more by the noise than by the act. As the forms of bodies appear increased in size in misty weather, so are all things magnified to us by Fear: in so much that many through fear of coming into danger, fall, daily, into the most extreme peril. Men have been known, in peril of shipwreck, to throw themselves overboard through fear of being drowned; drowning themselves, therefore, in order not to be drowned, and dying to avoid death. What folly so great (says Seneca) as to become troubled at approaching difficulties, to spare ourselves no anguish, but rather call an increase of sufferings to those that threaten?

PERII, interii, occidi—quo curram? quo non curram?

Tene, tene—quem? quis? nescio—nihil video.

I'm lost, undone, I'm kill'd, oh whither shall I flee?

Whither shall I not flee?

Hold! hold! whom? what? who? I know not—I do nothing see.

THE novelty of the danger is not unfrequently its chief and only terror.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.

IN peril, still preserve an unmov'd mind,

And oft no peril in the thing you'll find.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

FEAR MAY KEEP A MAN OUT OF DANGER,

BUT COURAGE ONLY CAN SUPPORT HIM IN IT.



**A**DHIBE rationem difficultatibus, possunt et dura molliri, et angusta laxari, et gravia scitè ferentes minùs premere.—SENECA.

TERROR absentium rerum ipsâ novitate falsò augetur; consuetudo autem et ratio efficit, ut ea, etiam quæ horrenda sunt natura, terrendi vim amittant.—PLUTARCH *in Mor.*

*Mors larvæ similis: tremor hinc, nihil inde maligni.*

I CORINTH. XXV. 54.

*Death, where is thy Sting?*

**E'**EN as the mask, in front seen, only, fills  
The mind of children with a panic fear,  
So Death by men is feared: yet least of ills,  
Alike of both the terrors disappear  
When seen by Reason's light on every side.  
And why fear Death, ere we its nature know?  
'Tis but a livid mask, which, seen behind,  
Hath terrors none, but balm for every woe,  
Hope, peace, and comfort to the righteous mind;  
Opening to realms more bright, the portals wide.

**P**UERI larvas timent, ignem non timent; sic nos timemus mortem quæ est larva, contemptu digna, peccatum non timemus.—CHRYSOSTOM, *Hom. 5 ad Pop.*

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.—*Psalms* xxiii. 4.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—*Ibid.* xxvii. 1.

WHY are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—*Matthew* viii. 26.

SIC nos in Luce timemus.—LUCRET. *l.* 2.

PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—*Psalms* cxvi. 15.

FOR I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ: which is far better.—*Philippians* i. 23.

PRESENT fear begetteth Eternal security: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.—S. AUGUST. *super Psal.*

**N**O glory could I shew, wer't not the night  
 In fable clouds did mantle up heavens light,  
 When starres are vail'd, and Phœb' her hornes doth hide,  
 Laying her cresset and attire aside.  
 The more nights fogge doth maske the spangled spheare,  
 The more in darkeness doth my Light appeare;  
 Nights foggy cold doth make my flame more strong,  
 And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.  
 If you together contraries parallel,  
 By contrary opposition they excell.  
 Vertue compare with Vice; and you shall see,  
 This shew his glory, that his infamie.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



FEAR IS STRONGER THAN LOVE.

LA ESPERIENCIA ES MADRE DE LA SCIENCIA.

EXPERIENCE IS THE INSTRUCTOR OF FOOLS.

HE IS A GREAT FOOL WHO FORGETS HIMSELF.

*Sibi nequam, cui bonus.*



WHO IS HURTFUL TO HIMSELF, BENEFITS  
NO ONE.

**M**AKE Love with cheerful heart,  
Of what use thoughts of fadness?  
Do as the Partridge doth,\*  
That fattens on Love's gladness:  
Do as doth the pretty bird †  
Which on the banks of Nile,

\* La perdrix s'engraisse à couvrir la femelle.—PLUTARCH.

† On the subject of this bird, the Trochilus of Pliny, see Plin. lib. 8, cap. 25. De Trochilo sive avium rege, crocodilo dentes scalpente et se saginante.

HELP THYSELF, AND GOD WILL HELP THEE.

The while he feasts his fill, no less  
Doth service to the Crocodile.

Nay ne'er repine, sweet youth,  
'Tis senseless, downright Folly,  
To let thine ardent flame  
Give cause for Melancholy :  
He that loves and serves a maid,  
In truth, achieves two ends ;  
For while her wish he pleases most,  
So he no less himself befriends.

Et puer es, nec te, quidquàm nisi ludere oportet.  
Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos.  
Cur aliquis rigido fodiat sua pectora ferro ?  
Invidiam cædis pacis amator habes.

OVID, lib. 1. *de Remed. Amor. ad Cupidinem.*

AMOR immoderatus ipsi amori novissimè inutiles sic facit : nam quum fruendi cupiditate insatiabili quis flagrat, tempora suspicionibus, lachrimis, querelis perdit, otium sui facit et novissimè sibi est odio.—HIERON.

LES violences qu'on se fait pour s'empêcher d'aimer sont souvent plus cruelles que les rigueurs de ce qu'on aime.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

*Non id agis, quod agis.*

Publica prætexuntur, privata curantur.

QUELQUE personnage que l'homme joue, il joue toujours le sien parmy.—MICH. DE MONTAIGNE.

WITH Public men, great fault the Public find,  
That while the business of the State they do,  
They shew themselves the while somewhat inclin'd  
To look to self, and mend their own state too.  
In this withall, we see not much to blame ;  
And those who most the impulse oft condemn,

Would—ten to one—in office do the same,  
 Or even worse than those whom they contemn.  
 In this as in all else 'tis the excess  
 That constitutes the fault, and those alone  
 Who steer the middle course, the best express :  
 "Serve well the Public ends, but serve thine own."  
 The wisest Statesman of a surety,  
 Is he who lab'ring for the Public weal,  
 His own alike with the same glance can see  
 And feel for that for which none else would feel.  
 On this world's stage, whate'er the Part man plays ;  
 In act and speech however seeming fair ;  
 He always something of his own betrays,  
 And in the Part—the Man himself is there.

A LA cour du Roy, chacun pour soy.  
 Sois serviteur, sans créveccœur.  
 Onder Vrientschaps schyn, besorght hy't syn.

*O prodiga rerum luxuries !*

WHEN gorged with food, the greedy Crocodile  
 Extended lies upon the sands of Nile ;  
 The pretty King bird with an appetite  
 Gross as the Vulture, or the bird of Night ;  
 Hies to the monster's wide extended jaws  
 To cleanse his fetid teeth with beak and claws.  
 That bird so pretty ! should a taste display  
 For food so filthy, doth too well pourtray  
 And symbolise the grosser appetites  
 Which some men shew for sensual delights ;  
 And who while doing service as they seem,  
 The service of their bellies most esteem.

WHOSE end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.—*Philip. iii. 19.*

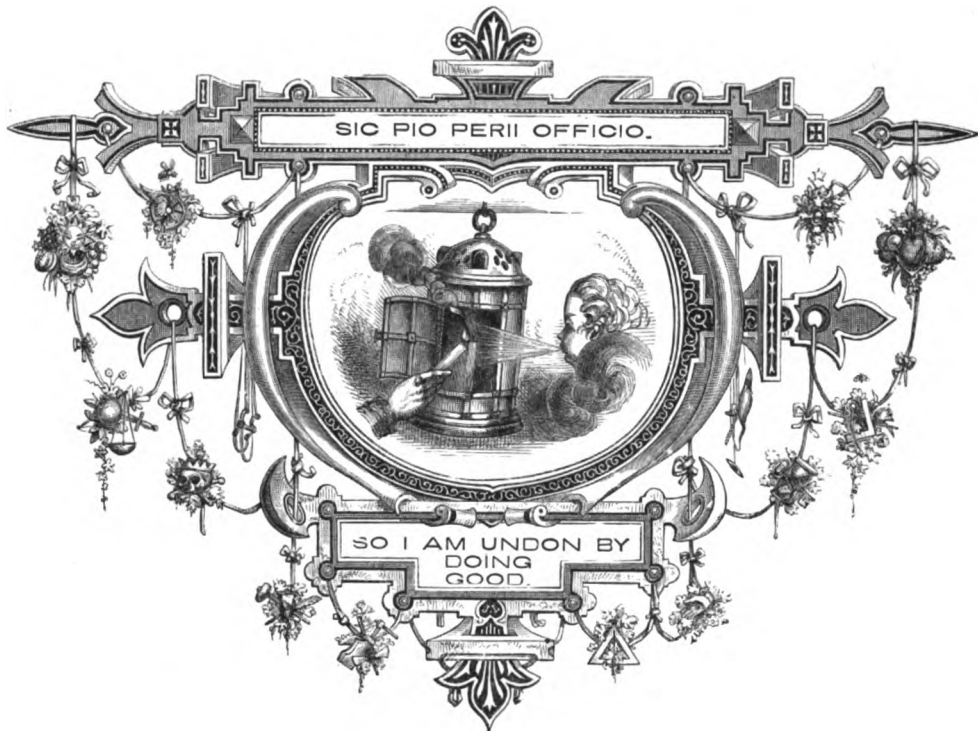
STOLEN waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—*Prov. ix. 17.*



**W**HILST stormy winds about the Lanterne rage,  
 The light ought to have lurked in his cage;  
 Untimely love undoes him, while he lends  
 His Light, loe how his harmeleffe life he spends.  
 When troops of enemies besiege the wall,  
 For feare of hurt, shut gates, though friends doe call.  
 If that a friend accompanied with a foe  
 Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.  
 If thou lov'ft to be charitable, doe  
 So good to others, that it hurt not you.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

IT'S A BAD GAME WHERE NOBODY WINS.



SELF IS THE MAN.

KNOW, ONE FALSE STEP IS NE'ER RETRIEVED.

*De Kanne gaet soo lang te water, totse eens breeckt.*



REPUTATION IS GAINED BY MANY ACTS,

BUT IS LOST BY ONE.

THE POT GOETH SO LONG TO THE WATER, TIL AT  
LAST IT COMMETH BROKEN HOME.

**A**LAS! Alas! What have I done?  
Oh! Woe is me this day:  
My Pitcher's broke!—all from this fun,—  
This filly, romping play.  
Oh! fad! what will my Mother fay?  
Her words have come too true!

~ DONNA CHE PRENDE, TOSTE SE RENDE. ~

WHEN THE DOOR IS OPENED FOR A LITTLE VICE,

A GREAT ONE MAY ENTER IN.

On me alone the blame she'll lay,  
 Whatever shall I do?  
 And yet full many a time and oft,  
 In this fame Pitcher too,  
 I've water drawn both hard and soft,  
 Nor had mishap to rue:  
 Pumpt water in and thrown it out,  
 And pumpt it full again,  
 Nor e'en so much as chipp'd the spout,  
 For Mother to complain.  
 Alas! that I could ever be  
 So heedless of her say—  
 The warning she would give to me,  
 And, almost ev'ry day!  
 But here about young fellows are  
 So rollicking and free;  
 Pull girls about so much, nor care;  
 And most of all p'rhaps me.  
 That Hans there of our Village, he's  
 So rough and wild alway;  
 It I won't speak, he'll fulk, or tease  
 Whene'er I pass his way.  
 And I'm good natur'd too I know,  
 And where is then the blame,  
 I love a laugh sometimes, and who  
 At heart but does the same?  
 And I and other girls when we  
 Perchance together meet,  
 Some lads are always sure to be  
 At games about the street;  
 And so it was just now, although  
 I did all I could do,  
 For Water first my way to go,  
 When Hans he joined us too.  
 Then there began a game all round  
 Of running—jibe and joke,  
 When down we came upon the ground,  
 And I my pitcher broke!

And thus I've found the saying true,  
I've many times heard spoken,  
"The Pot that goes too oft unto  
The Well, at last gets broken."

TANT va la 'cruche à l'eau, que le manche y demeure.

DER Krug gienge so lang zur buch  
Bis er zu lest zerbruch.

DER Krug gehet so lang zum brunnen, bis das er bricht.

TANTES va la secchia al pozzo, che vi lascia il manico.

CONSUMITUR peccando sæpius pudor.

TANTO va la capra al cavolo, che vi lascia la pelle.

HET geytjen loopt soo dickwils in de koolen, tot het eens de vacht laet.

DE mug die om de keerse sweeft,  
't Is wonder soo die lange leeft.

WIE veel wil mallen,  
Moet eenmael vallen.

Κακοῖς ὁμιλῶν ὑτὸς ἐκβήσῃ κακός.

*Id est,*

MALOS frequentans ipse et evades malus.

UNE folie est tost faite.

LET ! vrysters ! wie ontruet u gaen  
Een malle greep is haest gedaen.

BE cautious, maidens, how ye run ;  
A foolish thing is speedy done.

*Avoid too much Familiarity.*

IT is unwise both to use and to permit too great Familiarity. Who become familiar, soon lose the superiority which their previous reserve gave to them ; and, consequently, their credit. We should be familiar with none—never with our superiors, because it is dangerous ; nor with our inferiors, because it is derogatory ; and still less with the vulgar, whose ignorance renders them insolent, and, unable to perceive the honour that is done them, they presume that it is their due. Familiarity is one of the tendencies of a weak mind.—GRACIAN.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.—SHAKESPEARE, *Rich.* III.

AND loth'ft thou me, my Soule, loving to goe  
 Elsewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,  
 Was thou not all this while my deereft mate,  
 My gueft, my convoy, confort in eftate;  
 While I did florish, thou didft constant prove,  
 My times are darkned now, fo is thy love?

SOULE. Here as a captive to a keeper, fo  
 I tyed was with thee, at lift, to goe,  
 Banisht from home: loe now my bonds are loose,  
 Thou dy'ft, I glad runne to my fathers house.  
 Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach,  
 Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



S'IL NE VOUS BRULE, IL VOUS NOIRCIT.

KEEP BAD MEN'S COMPANY,

AND YOU WILL BE OF THE NUMBER.



BE MERRY AND WISE.

*Ludite, sed Caste.*



PLAY, BUT CHASTELY.

**T**HE cunning Hedgehog, with instinctive art,  
In ball-like shape, rolled up, upon the ground,  
With open hole-like mouth, knows well his part,  
T'entrap the giddy mice that sport around.  
And lo ! when one, more prying than the rest,  
Draws near, to peep within a hole so nice,

RIRE SANS MAL-ENGIN.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR GEESE WHEN THE FOX PREACHES.

COURTESY THAT IS ALL ON ONE SIDE CANNOT LAST LONG.

The Hedgehog snaps him up with eager zest,  
And moufey pays for peeping, in a trice !  
Let caution guide your sport, be what it may ;  
For where expected least, some snare may lay :  
And Venus' boy was painted blind of yore,  
For that in darknefs he worked mischief more.

FORMOSAS intueri jucundissimum, tangere autem et tractare sine periculo non licet.  
PLUTARCH.

AMOR latebricolarum hominum corruptor.—PLAUT. *Trin.*

DETUR aliquid ætati, sit adolescentia liberior, non omnia voluptatibus denegentur.  
Dummodò illa in hoc genere præscriptioque moderatioque teneatur, parcat juvenus  
pudicitia suæ, ne spoliet alienam, ne probum castis, labem integris, infamiam bonis  
inferat.—CIC. *pro Mar. Calio.*

*Parva Patitur ut Magnis Potiatur.*

NIUNO piu facilmente inganna gli altri, che chi è solito, e ha fama, di non gli  
ingannare.—GIUCCIARDIN.

No one so easily deceives others as he who is expert in deceit, and has a repute  
for Integrity.

*He is not the greatest cheat who begins with cheating.*

TO gain his ends, the Hedgehog first permits  
Each sportive freedom that the mouse would take ;  
For well he knows if he to that submits,  
More sure is he, his prey of him to make.  
So is't with those who most to wrong intend ;  
They first assume the semblance of the friend ;—  
And e'en sometimes to make the cheat more sure,  
Some favour offer, or some loss endure :  
Till having gain'd the vantage ground they sought,  
And lull'd suspicion with most fair pretence,  
Their too reliant dupe at length is caught,  
And rues too late his ill plac'd confidence.

SUPPORTER PEU, POUR EMPORTEUR TOUT.

HET KLEYN VERDRAGEN, OM'T GROOT TE BEJAGEN.

BEAR WITH A LITTLE, TO ACHIEVE MUCH.

VIGOR ingentibus negotiis par, ed acrior, quo somnum et inertiam magis ostentat.  
TACITUS.

PELLICULAM veterem retines, et fronte politus,  
Abstruso rapidam gestas sub pectore vulpem.—PERS. *Satyr.* 5.

FRAUS in parvis fidem sibi præstruit, ut, cum operæ pretium est, cum mercede magnâ fallat.—LIVY.

*Objecta movent.*

BE sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 *Peter* v. 8.

THE Hedgehog knows the mouse's wanton ways,  
And knowing this, knows well to profit by it:  
He shows the mouse a hole, nor aught betrays  
That might abate his innate bent to try it:  
Within his mouth in hole-like fashion hollow'd  
The mouse soon creeps—and is as quickly swallow'd.  
With just such baits as these Man's mortal foe  
Lures man to ill, and fills this world with woe:  
He knows our hearts, he knows our love of sin,  
And by that knowledge strives our souls to win,  
Tempt each alike, by that which most allures  
The heart of each, and thus his prey secures.

BUT I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.—2 *Corinth.* xi. 3.

It is the Devil's part to suggest: Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: As often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who opposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.—S. BERNARD *in Ser.*

**F**OURE Elements in this my body are  
 All yockt in one, yet ever still at warre;  
 As all agree to nourish this my light  
 So to my ruine they combine their might:  
 Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,  
 My moisture feeds the still consuming fire.  
 Still as I shine by light, by light I dy,  
 As cause of life, so of mortality,  
 It was Prometheus fault who stole away  
 Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.

Moisture doth heat, and heat doth moisture quale,  
 That dries our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,  
 That which doth give, doth likewise spend our breath;  
 The first of being, is first houre of death.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



UNDER THE SACKCLOTH THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.

UPON A SLIGHT PRETEXT THE WOLF TAKES THE SHEEP.

UNDER FAIR WORDS BEWARE OF A FRAUD.

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.

*Yl, met Wyl.*



HATEZ VOUS LENTEMENT.

EILE MIT WEILE.

### HASTEN AT LEISURE.

**T**HE Peach-tree with too eager haste  
To shew its blossoms to the sun,  
Gives oft its pretty bloom to waste  
Before the frosts of Spring are done.

Much wiser is the Mulberry,  
Which only thinks its leaves to shew,

UNA HIRUNDO NON FACIT VER.



When leaves are green on ev'ry tree,  
And roses have begun to blow.

They most ensure Success and Praise,  
Who, guided by the Rule of Reason,  
Do fitting things on fitting days,  
And dress as most becomes the season.

PLUTOST meurier,  
Qu'amandrier.

D'AMANDEL bloeyt vroeg, de Moerbesy laet ;  
Maer let eens wie het beter gaet !

SAT citò, si sat benè.  
Assez tost, si bien.

HAEST genoeg,  
Is't wel genoeg.

SOON enough begun,  
That which is well done.

DRESS drains our Cellar dry,  
And keeps our Larder lean.—COWPER.

FOND pride of Dress is sure a very curse.  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE most violent Passions will sometimes allow us a respite, but Vanity leaves us  
no repose.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PROIN quidquid est, da tempus ac spatium tibi :  
Quid ratio nequit sæpè sanavit mora.—SENECA, *Agam.*

Si quid benè factum velis, tempori trade.—*Ibid.*

DA spatium tenuemque moram, malè cuncta ministrat .  
Impetus.—STATIUS.

DIFFER, habent parvæ commoda magna moræ.—OVID.

THE mean, is the point nearest to Wisdom : it is better not to reach it at all,  
than to over-run it.—*Chinese Proverb.*

LET Reason guide you at all times, even in the most unimportant things.  
PYTHAGORAS.

AVOID doing that which may draw down upon you the reproaches and the envy of your neighbours.—PYTHAGORAS.

KNOW your opportunity, and do not speak before-hand of that which you will do. Should your project fail, you will furnish subject for ridicule to those who are jealous of you.—THALES.

*Esto Cultu modicus.*

WE are told by Jewellers that there is no Diamond of so fine a water, but it requires some aid to improve its lustre. This observation has been also applied to young women.

No objection can be made thereto, provided it be understood in a fitting and healthy sense. For it is indisputable that Virtue and Modesty are the greatest ornaments or auxiliaries to the Beauty of Woman.

LA chasteté est la première beauté.

EXTERNAL Show and costliness of Dress are pernicious in their effects upon the female mind, and tend to sap the principles of Virtue and Modesty. As regards her attire, the motto of a virtuous young Woman should be:—

Nitidè, non délicatè.

Reyn gekleet,  
En niet te breet.

Clean in Dress,  
Without Excess.

NE sois Paon à toy parer,  
Ny Perroquet en ton parler,  
Ny Cicogne en ton manger,  
Ny Oye aussi en ton marcher.

SUSPECTA semper ornamenta ementibus.

VEEL vlaggen, luttel boters.

WHOSE adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel.—1 Peter iii. 3.

THE Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,  
 And made me fit to nourish heav'ns flame;  
 One thing remain'd, that I should take with fire,  
 When season due, and fit houre doth require:  
 Loe how the rats catching me all alone,  
 With envious teeth my body cease upon;  
 I dye before my day, they life prevent;  
 Before I live, my livelesse body's spent:  
 I dying could with teares my death bemoane,  
 But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.  
 The infant so oft doth it felse entombe,  
 Before it see the day, in mothers wombe.  
 So by untimely death youths hope decays,  
 Which might have well deserved many daies.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



QUI TROP SE HATE EN CHEMINANT,

EN BEAU CHEMIN SE FOURVOYE SOUVENT.

QUI PERD, PECHE.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT AND MY SALVATION.

*Luceat Lux Vestra coram Hominibus.*



THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET:

AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE BEFORE MEN.

**A**NXIOUS, tempest toff'd and weary,  
To the seaman's gladden'd fight,  
'Mid the night-storm, what so cheery  
As the gleaming beacon's light?

Though the wild waves wilder threaten,  
Calmer now, he steers his way

SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD; TEACH ME THY PATHS.

To the long desir'd haven,  
Guided by its friendly ray.

Like unto that beacon, truly,  
He of upright heart and mind,  
Holding high his light should shew the  
Heav'nward way to all mankind.

Christian ! lift your light on high then,  
Let it shine o'er all, and shew,  
In this darksome world to all men,  
How and where that men should go.

LET your Light so shine that men seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in Heaven.—*Matthew* v. 16.

WE labour in the boisterous sea : Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers : give us grace to hold a middle course betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may arrive at our Port secure.—S. AUGUST. *Soliloq.* cap. 35.

O LIGHT inaccessible, in respect of which my Light is utter darkness ; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength : O Majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame ; so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.—HUGO, *Pia Desid.*

MY God, my light is dark enough at lightest,  
Increase its flame, and give it strength to shine :  
'Tis frail at best : 'Tis dim enough at brightest,  
But 'tis its glory to be foil'd by thine,  
Let others lurk : my light shall be  
Propos'd to all men ; and by them to Thee.—QUARLES, *Hieroglyph* viii.

HE does wickedly, that does not shew the right to one who is in the wrong.



HEAVEN doth with us, as we with torches do,  
 Not light them for ourselves ; For if our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,  
 But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence ;  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use.—SHAKESPEARE.

So far the little candle throws its beams,  
 So far shines a good deed in a naughty world !

QUI in occulto benè vivit, sed alieno profectui minimè proficit carbo est. Qui verò  
 in imitatione sanctitatis positus, lumen rectitudinis ex sese multis demonstrat,  
 lampas est : quia sibi ardet, et aliis lucet.—GREG. *Super Ezech.* homil. 5.

NUMQUAM est mutila opera civis bonis.—SENECA.

UTILE etiam exemplum quiescentis.

MELIUS homines exemplis docentur, quæ in primis hoc in se boni habent, quod  
 approbant, quæ præcipiunt, fieri posse.—PLINIUS, *Paneg.*

DOCTUS sine opere est ut nubes sine pluvia.—*Adag. Arab.*

Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus ; id verò ex hoc fit, cum apparet miseri-  
 cordia in affectu, benignitas in vultu, humilitas in habitu, modestia in cohabitatione,  
 patientia in tribulatione.—HUGO, *De Claustro Anima*, lib. 3.

Sic agitur censura, et ne exempla parantur,  
 Cum judex, alios quod manet, ipse facit.—OVID.

O LORD ; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life ; in whom there is no  
 darkness, error, vanity nor Death : the Light, without which there is darkness ; the  
 Way, without which there is wandering ; the Truth, without which there is error ; the  
 Life, without which there is Death : say, Lord, let there be Light, and I shall see Light,  
 and eschew darkness ; I shall see the Way, and avoid wandering ; I shall see the Truth,  
 and shun error ; I shall see Life, and escape Death : Illuminate, O illuminate my blind  
 Soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of Death ; and direct my feet in the way  
 of Peace.—S. AUGUST. *Soliloq.* cap. 4.

HE THAT DOETH GOOD, IS BETTER THAN THE GOOD HE DOETH.

**W**HEN stormie Boreas puts the seas in rage,  
And swelling waves intesting warre do wage;  
When fun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,  
And foaming billowes give a discord found.  
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,  
Guiding by Scyllas rocks, Charybdis sands.

Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;  
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;  
Leaft we should suffer shipwracke in the night,  
He leads us through all dangers by his light.  
Who then wouldst come to Heav'ns long wisht-for bay,  
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



THE PRACTICE OF DOING GOOD ENGENDERS GOOD WORKS.

PUT THE TRAVELLER WHO HATH LOST HIS WAY, UPON THE RIGHT ROAD;

SNATCH FROM THE WAVES THE UNFORTUNATE WHO IS ABOUT TO PERISH.

LOVERS LIVE BY LOVE, AS LARKS BY LEEKS.

*Fumo pascuntur amantes.*



VAN ROOCK WERD' ICK GEVOEDT.

I AM FED BY SMOKE.

SMOKE IS THE FOOD OF LOVERS.

**W**HEN Cupid open'd Shop, the Trade he chose  
Was just the very one you might suppose.  
Love keep a shop?—his trade, Oh! quickly name!  
A Dealer in tobacco—Fie for shame!  
No less than true, and set aside all joke,  
From oldest time he ever dealt in Smoke;

AMANT, TON BONHEUR N'EST QUE VAPEUR.

Than Smoke, no other thing he fold, or made;  
Smoke all the substance of his stock in trade;  
His Capital all Smoke, Smoke all his store,  
'Twas nothing else; but Lovers ask no more—  
And thousands enter daily at his door!  
Hence it was ever, and it e'er will be  
The trade most suited to his faculty:—  
Fed by the vapours of their heart's desire,  
No other food his Votaries require;  
For, that they seek—the Favour of the Fair,  
Is unsubstantial as the Smoke and air.

AMORES et deliciae maturè, et celeriter deflorescunt.—CICERO *pro. M. Cal.*

OMNIA speramus, promissaque vana fovemus  
Molliter: et faciles ad nova vota sumus.  
Interea totum paupertas possidet ævum,  
Cæcæque volvendo somnia, vita perit.—DANIEL HEYNS.

*Love.*

—THE cherish'd Fire,  
Which blindly creeps through every vein and dries  
The fluent blood, whence grosser vapours rise,  
Sadding the soul with fearful phantasies.

It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of Passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance;  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;  
All purity, all trial, all obedience.—SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE reigns a very tyrant in my heart,  
Attended on his throne by all his guards  
Of furious wishes, fears and nice suspicions.—OTWAY.

O MIGHTY Love! from thy unbounded power,  
How shall the human bosom rest secure?  
How shall our thoughts avoid the various snares?  
Or Wisdom to our cautioned soul declare  
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,  
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy!—SOLOMON.

THERE'S nothing half so sweet in Life as Love's young Dream.—MOORE.

SO DOES BEAUTY LOVE.

NOMO SOLUS, AUT DEUS, AUT DÆMON.

VACUO PECTORE REGNAT AMOR.

*Love and Hope.*

I HAVE heard many say :  
 Love lives on Hope ; they knew not what they said.  
 Hope is Love's Happiness, but not its Life.  
 How many hearts have nourished a vain flame—  
 In silence and in secret, though they knew  
 They fed the scorching fire that would consume them.—L. E. L.

LIGHTER than air Hope's summer visions die ;  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,  
 Lo ! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.—ROGERS.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in his *Private Memoirs*, makes a lover say, "I will go to the other world to preach to damned souls that their pains are but imaginary ones, in respect of them that live in the hell of love."—P: 38.

LOVE is a species of Melancholy.—BURTON.

*Cure for Love.*

MRS. CARTER was for half an hour one evening entirely in love with a Dutchman ; and the next morning she took a dose of algebra fasting, which she says entirely cured her.—*Memoirs*, vol. 1. p. 36—7.

*Love and Legislation.*

STRANGE, and passing strange, that the relation between the two Sexes, the Passion of Love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our Teachers and our Legislators.

People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the World : but ask the Priest, ask the Physician—let them reveal the amount of Moral and Physical results from this one cause.

Must Love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in Tragedies or sung in Songs—a subject for pretty Poems and wicked Novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every day existence, our Moral Welfare and Eternal Salvation ? Must Love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion ? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse ? or with fear, as a mere disease ? or with shame, as a mere weakness ? or with levity, as a mere accident ? Whereas it is a great Mystery, and a great Necessity, lying at the foundation of Human Existence, Morality, and Happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as Death. Why, then, should Love be treated less seriously than Death ? It is as serious a thing.—MRS. JAMESON.

SO DOES AN IDLE PERSON LOVE.

HOMINES NIHIL AGENDO

MALE AGERE DISCUNT.



WHO fearst outrageous Vulcans damned ire,  
And wouldst be safe from night-surprising fire;  
Put out the flame, the smoaking snuffe suppressse,  
Least from the smoake the fire it selfe redresse;  
For fire is next to smoake, and oft its seene,  
That reaking snuffe a blazing fire hath beene.

Who feares the damned fire of inward lust,  
And Cupids flames, observe this rule he must.  
Hearts concupiscence, 'fore it's vehement,  
Looke that in words he suffer't not to vent;  
For words are smoake of burning hearts desire;  
Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire:  
But otherwayes a wanton complement,  
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give consent.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

LOVE KNOWS NO LOGIC.

NEVER YET RUN SMOOTH.

CONTENT IS HAPPINESS.

*Sua quemque Fortuna parit.*



EACH DEPLORES HIS OWN LOT.

**T**HE Fish that in the Weel are taken,  
When they find no issue more,  
Feel the stronger wish awaken  
To be where they were before:  
But the Fish that see them in it,  
Think it far more pleasant there;  
And they strive their best to win it,  
Swimming round it ev'rywhere.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

CONTENTMENT IS TO THE MIND WHAT LIGHT IS TO THE BODY.

CONTENTMENT IS THE SUNSHINE OF THE MIND.

Thus it is that men, like Fishes,  
 Ne'er contented with their lot,  
 Ever restless in their wishes,  
 Craving more than what they've got;—  
 In their greed of wealth and station,  
 Coveting yet more and more,  
 Oft in change of situation,  
 Find it worfe than t'was before.

PISCIS cū modo ingrediendi nassam videat, egrediendi non videat, et nihilominus ingrediatur, piscatoribus fit præda: non est ergo suscipiendum negotium, nisi prius perspectâ ratione quâ te possis inde rursus explicare: nec enim labyrinthi ingrediendi sunt sine filo, quo securus possis redire.

NEMO est, quin ubivis, quàm ibi, ubi est, esse malit: nam suam quisque conditionem miserrimam putat; cū tamen contentum suis rebus esse, maximæ sunt certissimæque divitiæ.—CICERO.

Non esse cupidum, pecunia est.

Si vis gaudere per unum diem, radas barbam, si per septimanam, vade ad nuptias; si per mensem, eme pulchrum equum; si per semestre, eme pulchram domum; si per annum, ducas pulchram uxorem; si per biennium, fias sacerdos; si semper vis esse lætus et gaudens, vives tua sorte contentus.—*Thesaurus ridendi*.

AMONG good things I prove and find  
 The quiet lyfe doth most abounde,  
 And sure to the contented mynde  
 There is no riches may be founde.—*Songs and Sonnetes*.

LET not what I cannot have  
 My cheer of mind destroy.—COLLEY CIBBER.

ALL men have their trials and afflictions, but a contented mind accommodates itself to every vicissitude of life; neither poverty nor distress, neither losses nor disappointments, neither sickness nor sorrow, can affect its equanimity.—DR. BREWER.

A CONTENTED mind is free from the distressing passions of ambition, covetousness, jealousy, envy and the like, which prey like Vultures upon the peace of the discontented.—*Ibid*.

MEN always desire more than they possess, yet scarcity has been the ruin of fewer People than abundance and repletion.—THEOGNIS.

I AM richer than you, if I do not want things, which you cannot do without.  
SOCRATES.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
No chemic art can counterfeit ;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;  
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little—all in nought—Content.  
WILBYE'S *Madrigals*.

IF there be any happiness to be found upon earth, it is in that which we call contentation : this is a flower that grows not in every garden : the great Doctor of the Gentiles tells us that he had it ; I have learned (saith he) in what estate soever I am, therewith to be content.—BP. HALL. *Of Contentation*.

IF solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast the jewel lies ;  
And they are fools who roam :  
The world has nothing to bestow ;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear place our home.  
COTTON.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
And vain what we possess,  
Unless harmonious reason tunes  
The Passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,  
Is happiness confin'd ;  
And, deaf to folly's call, attends  
The music of the mind.  
CARTER.

HE THAT IS WARM THINKS ALL ARE SO.

CUSTOM IN YOUTH BECOMES NATURE IN OLD AGE.

CHANGE SELDOM, FOR CHANGES ARE INCONVENIENT.

ALL living things with others losse maintaine  
 Their life, not so my harmelesse light I gaine.  
 The plant doth feede upon the fertile soile;  
 And bruitish beafts the pleafant plants doe spoile;  
 So harmelesse beaft, and bird, and fish must dy,  
 To pamper mans too licorish gluttony.  
 But of condition though I mortall be;  
 Yet this my Light is onely nurst by me.

The most of men doe live by others losse,  
 Whilst others goods they to themselves engrosse:  
 So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives  
 Most gaine to him, who most unjustly lives.  
 Thrice happy's he, who's of his state content,  
 As if it were Crassus or Cræsus rent.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.



BEAUTY IS NO INHERITANCE.

*Ogni Fiore al fin perde l'odore.*



EVERY FLOWER LOSES ITS PERFUME AT LAST.

**M**AIDEN! will you never learn  
All the lessons Flowers teach,  
And that each of them in turn  
Hath its potent power of speech?  
In the early violet's bloom,  
Modest mien, and sweet perfume,

BEAUTY IS THE SUBJECT OF A BLEMISH.

BEAUTY WITHOUT VIRTUE IS LIKE A ROSE WITHOUT SCENT.

ROSES AND MAIDENS SOON LOSE THEIR BLOOM.

In the daisy of the mead,  
If you have the mind to read,  
Simple though to you they seem,  
Each affords its moral theme !

Ev'ry Rose that here you see,  
Ev'ry Flower that blooms a-field,  
Whatsoe'er their Beauty be,  
Must alike that Beauty yield !  
Aye ! believe me, maiden fair,  
Whatsoe'er the Gard'ner's care,  
Whatsoe'er his skill may be,  
It but little needs, to see  
That which is so fair to day  
Vanish like a dream away !

Let there come a chilling rain,  
Nipping wind or flightest frost,  
Few would lift their heads again—  
All their Beauty would be lost !  
Or, e'en let the Sun, whose light  
Calls to life their colours bright,  
But too fiercely on them shine,  
Straight you'll see their bloom decline,  
Wither'd by too great excess  
Of that very Sun's cares !

Maidens ! and Young Women all !  
Learn then as you should from this,  
All the ills that youth befall,  
And how fleeting Beauty is !—  
Lips that with the coral vie,  
Witching Beauty of the eye,  
Ev'ry charm of form and face,  
Whatsoe'er their winning grace,  
Have their Emblem of decay  
In the Rose of yesterday !

BEAUTY MAY HAVE FAIR LEAVES, YET BITTER FRUIT.

BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN-DEEP.

Maiden, there is something too,  
*Woman's Beauty* ne'er defied,  
 Though as rich in charms as you,  
 And as full of youthful pride.  
 You have but to look at me,  
 And you may that something see,  
 That can steal away each grace,  
 And in little time deface,—  
 Whatsoever be your care,—  
 All that makes you now so fair.

Time! it is, whose stealthy wing  
 Throws on all alike its shade,—  
 Fades the bloom of ev'ry thing,  
 Howsoever fair 'twas made!  
 Time! though it so softly treads,  
 Silent ruin round us spreads;  
 And as Age has done by me,  
 If you live, you'll surely see—  
 Beauty's but an idle boast,  
 Your's to-day; to-morrow lost!

But, there *is* a Beauty yet,  
 Far more lasting in the wear;  
 That which Virtue doth beget,  
 Fadeless—bright—beyond compare:  
 Make that Beauty your's, fair maid;  
 Time o'er that can cast no shade;  
 And when wrinkled that fair brow,  
 'Twill be fairer far than now,—  
 With a Beauty that shall gain  
 Lasting Love in God's domain.

As for Man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.  
 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no  
 more.—*Psalm ciii. 15, 16.*

**S**UCH is lights love to Heaven, that still above  
 It mounts, and cannot to the center move;  
 Hold you it under, it will upward reach,  
 And through its ruinous body make a breach.

Our soule doth bend our bodies straight and even,  
 As with it felfe, it would them raife to Heaven;  
 But all in vaine it undergoes such toyle,  
 The body will not leave its native foyle:  
 Age puls it downe, and makes it stoope full low,  
 Till death doth give his fatall overthrow  
 Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth rise,  
 And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



ALL IS FINE THAT IS FIT.

A WOMAN THAT PAINTS PUTS UP A BILL TO LET.

EN AMOUR, EN COUR, ET A LA CHASSE,

*Inter manum et mentum.*



YDELE HOOP, WAKENDE DROOM.

IDLE HOPE IS A WAKING DREAM.

MANY A SLIP 'TWINX THE CUP AND  
THE LIP.

**S**WIFT, through the flood, cheer'd by his master's praise,  
With vig'rous stroke the Spaniel cleaves his way,  
And lo! already with his ardent gaze,  
He marks the wounded wild-fowl as his prey.

CHACUN NE PREND CE QU'IL POURCHASSE.



Near and more near upon the bird he gains,  
 And as the space that parts them smaller grows,  
 With speed increased, he plies the foot and strains  
 Towards the game, now close before his nose.  
 Then bounding high at once from out the wave  
 With sudden rush to seize the certain prize:  
 That which he thought no means of flight could save,  
 Dives 'neath the flood, before his wond'ring eyes.

In Love affairs, as in intrigues at court,  
 It oft occurs as in the field of sport;  
 Almost before the chafe we have begun  
 We deem the Fair, the place, and game are won;  
 And when most sure we've grasp'd the prize aright,  
 We see it quickly vanish from our sight.  
 'Tis not alone in sleep that dreams arise;  
 Our hopes are oft but dreams with waking eyes;—  
 As visionless and vain by day as night,  
 We think them real, and they fade from sight,  
 Leaving the heart to grieve and to complain,  
 To find itself so cheated by the brain.

GUERRA, caça e amores  
 Per um prazer cem dores.

—POTIUNDI tempore in ipso,  
 Fluctuat incertis erroribus ardor amantum.—LUCRET. lib. 4.

FALLITUR augurio spes bona sæpè suo.—OVID.

MULTA cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.  
 Inter os atque escam multa interveniunt.  
 Inter os atque offam multa intercident.

Non esse sapientis præfidere constanter iis, quæ aliter evenire nata sunt.—POLYB.

FERE libenter homines id quod volunt, credunt.—CÆSAR.

~~~~~ SPEM PRETIO NON EMAM. ~~~~~

LA FORTUNE LA PLUS AMIE VOUS DONNE LE CROC-EN-JAMBE.

THE MOST FRIENDLY FORTUNE TRIPS UP YOUR HEELS.

O FALLACEM hominum spem, fragilemque Fortunam ! et inanes nostras contentiones ! quæ in medio spatio sæpè franguntur et corruunt ; et antè in ipso portu obruuntur, quàm portum contingere potuerunt.—CICERO. 3. *de Orat.*

PLERUMQUE hominum proprium est quod ratione difficilè cognoscunt, id sibi cupiditate et spe facilè fingere.—FRANSC. GIUCCIARD. *Hist.* lib. 4.

WE readily believe what we wish. Our wishes are fathers to our thoughts. We believe unwillingly that which we do not wish.

FORTUNE is fond of change ; she allows herself to be possessed, and she escapes from us. Dost thou suffer from her fickleness ? Learn to bear it with patience.—PYTHAGORAS.

God's Providence, alike in the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune.

Ferendum et Sperandum.

THAT Fortune is so changeful in her moods,
Is scarcely to be blam'd in such degree
As we are wont to hear.
Did we but put the question to ourselves ;
We, who do change each moment of our lives !—
In her so fickle nature we should see
That which our changeful nature best befits.
The only diff'rence lies therein ; that we
Find Fortune's changes more abrupt and loud
Than those which daily in ourselves take place :
Which like the Shadow of the Dial, mark
Their silent progress—but a progress still,
Not the less certain that it seem to us
Less evident, because insensible !
Yet, mutative in body as in mind,
With faculties that change with ev'ry day
Their pow'r t' enjoy, or estimate aright
The lights and shades which fall across our path ;
We still repine ungrateful for the Light,
And deem the Shadows more than we can bear :
And this withal, forgetful of that Power
Who in His Wisdom, wiser far than we,
Knew best what our frail nature would befit,
To make us that He will'd that we should be.

With humble joy bear Fortune's transient smile,
Nor let her frown to discontent beguile :
With stedfast Hope, Columbus-like, at last
Thou'lt find the New World when the storm is pass'd.

FINCHE VI E FIATO VI E SPERANZA.

HAABE OG VENTE ER GIEKKERENTE.

HOPE AND EXPECTATION ARE A FOOL'S INCOME.

WHEN as my Light with beames did brightly shine,
 And starre-light was but equall unto mine;
 I was in great request and fet above,
 Was deare to all, who saw me, did me love:
 Now breathing sighes, and languishing I grone:
 I'm hatefull to my selfe, belov'd of none.
 If once againe my light beginne to burne,
 With it my light and honour shall returne.

When Fortune standing on her slippery ball,
 Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
 But if she frowne, then flatterers flye away,
 No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:
 O but if Fortune change, and smile againe,
 Then fawne these flatterers, and beare up your traine.
 Much like the Sea these Clients flote and flow;
 And Fortune turnes her coat, at every show.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



ENTRE LA BOUCHE ET LA CUILIERE

VIENT SOUVENT GRAND DESTOURBIER.

IT MAY GET AWAY YET.

LOVE IS THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

Amor, ut Pila, vices exigit.



LOVE, LIKE A BALL, REQUIRES TO BE
THROWN BACK.

MAIDEN fair! if you would learn
Well to play this pleasant game;
You must strike in quick return,
So that I may do the same.
Should you fail to strike at all,
And that I make play alone,

SWEET IS THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

LOVE CAN NEITHER BE BOUGHT NOR SOLD;

ITS ONLY PRICE IS LOVE.

Then the shuttle's sure to fall,
 And the game at once is done.
 Mark, sweet maiden, when I strike,
 And attend to what I say:
 Tennis and Love's game alike
 Need a quick return of play:
 Who their pleasure most would know,
 And in equal share partake,
 In both games alike must shew
 Equal zest to give and take.
 Love and Tennis both, play'd ill,
 Soon upon the players pall,
 When *one* shews a want of will
 To hit back the flying ball.
 Love, to Love is demonstrative;
 Love, gives life and strength to Love,
 And in being thus creative,
 Love doth most its power prove.
 Love, of Love's at once the Price,
 And Reward that Love loves best;
 Nothing can to Love suffice,
 But the Love that gives it rest.
 If from me to Love you'd learn,
 Love; and be my Sweetheart true;
 But if you give no return,
 Then I'll say — good-bye to you.

JAMAIS l'Amour ne se paye que par Amour réciproque.
 Et Pretium, et Merces solus Amoris Amor.

BENEFICIUM non est aurum, sed Amor per quem datur.
 Amor enim Beneficii anima.—*Vid. SENECA de Benef.*

Divinissimus est, quem redamare piget prius amantem.

AUGUST. *de Amore divino.*

LOVE WILL CREEP WHERE IT CANNOT GO.

AMA à chi t'ama,
Rispond à chi ti chiama.
Antwoord dieje vraegt,
Min dieje Liefde draegt.
Answer him who calls unto you,
And love him who brings Love to you.

UNA mano lava l'altra, e le due lavano il viso.
L'une main lave l'autre, et les deux le visage.
Als d'eene hant d'ander wast, soo wordense beyde reyn.
D'eene Min brengt d'ander in.

MANUS manum fricat, gratia gratiam parit.

FERRO ferrum acuitur.
Fructus Amoris Amor.

AMOUR au cœur me poind,
Quand bien aimé je suis ;
Mais aimer je ne puis,
Quand on ne m'aime point.
Chacun soit adverti
De faire comme moi ;
Car d'aimer sans party,
C'est un trop grand esmoy.—MAROT.

EXCUTE mihi ignem, et allucebo tibi.—*Proverbium Arabicum ex Erpenio.*

Id est, ut Jos. Scaliger interpretatur,
ESTO mihi, ero tibi. Be mine, I will be thine.

UT ameris, amabilis esto.—OVID.

AIMER sans Amour est amer.
Vriendtschap van eener zijde en duert niet lang.
Friendship all on one side lasts not long.

Χερ χείρα νίπτει
Χάρις χάριν φέρει.

——Amare recuso.
ILLUM quem fieri vix puto posse meum.—OVID. *Ep. Helen.*

AMOUR est d'Amour récompense,
Et celui est trop à blâmer
Qui pour le moins (s'il ne commence)
Ne veut pas, quand on l'aime, aimer.

WHEN I this wisht-for light to tinne desire,
 I prostrate crave it from this flaming fire;
 From whence if light come not in fitting time,
 I am confum'd before the light be mine.

Whose meanes are small, whom Fortune favours not,
 They take their patrons mercy for their lot;
 To them their supplications they direct,
 Attending still with homage and respect;
 Delay undo'th them, makes them spend their oyle,
 Their hopes grow lesse, and greater is their toyle;
 Unlesse their Patrons timely shew their love:
 For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



LOVE LEVELS ALL INEQUALITIES.

LOVE GROWS WITH OBSTACLES.

FLEE LOVE, AND IT WILL FOLLOW THEE.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Qui Captat, Capitur.



THE BITER BITTEN.

HIGH up in air, the sea-mew spies
An oyster lying on the strand,
Gaping with open shell t' inhale
The summer breeze from off the land.
To seize the luscious morsel quick—
With sudden swoop and deadly pick,
The sea-bird darts his horny beak
Between the oyster's shell:

HOLD-FAST IS A GOOD DOG.

PIU PRONTO AD ACQUISTARE, QUE PRUDENTE AD CONSIDERARE.

CHASSE PENIBLE OU LE VENEUR EST PRIS.

But closing on it quick as thought,
The bird is by the oyster caught!
And nipped so tight and well;
That strive and struggle as he may,
To free his beak, and get away;
He keeps him captive, firmly bound,
Till with return of tide he's drowned.
Who to themselves would all appropriate
Of that they see, deserve the sea-mew's fate;
Nor doth he fail to meet it, soon or late,
Whose nose is thrust in everybody's plate.

The Event is often different from the Intent.

DEFEATING our intent and expectation,
In strange reverse of that we think to see;
When certain most,—we find ourselves mistaken,
And he is caught, who would the catcher be.
To curb the pride and malice of man's nature,
'Twas wise ordained, that he should sometimes see,—
In his own toils the hunter captive taken;
And he despoiled, who would the spoiler be;—
The evil doer, 'gainst his calculation,
By his own mischief foiled and hurt, alone,
The slander of a neighbour's reputation,
Recoil with deeper wound upon his own.

The same in another sense.

Konst van beswaren, gaet voor't vergaren
How to retain, is more than how to gain.

THE mew is in a fix, as we have seen;
With beak well jamm'd the oyster's shells between:
But what avails the shell-fish his success?
Strange case it is—yet nothing less than true,
His very fortune causes him distress,
Nor knows he with his capture what to do!
A very load to him, a trouble quite,
The catcher would be well rid of the caught,
'Tis almost 'gainst his grain to hold him tight—
Yet, to let go—were perhaps with peril fraught!
Just so in life, whom management doth fail,
Success nor riches to their good avail.

HARM seek, harm find.

As you sow, so you must reap.

As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.

Qui mal cherche, mal trouve.

Ut sementem feceris, ita metes.—CICERO.

Comme on fait son lit on se couche.

Tute hoc introisti, tibi omne est exedendum.—TERENCE.

THE Power and the Riches acquired by a life of anxious toil, slip not unfrequently from their possessor's hands, from defective government, or mismanagement: because it is easier to acquire power and to gain wealth than to keep and use them prudently when gotten. An especial virtue is needful to this, more than is required for the gradual heaping up of riches.

Non labore, sed munificentia Domini.

Not by labour, but by the blessing of the Lord.

THE oyster without change of place, or toil,
 Prospers in peace, and easy takes his spoil:
 The sea-mew, restless, sweeps the shore and main
 In quest of food, and, little oft to gain:
 The oyster toils but little, yet he thrives;
 The sea-mew, less from his great toil derives;
 And so all labour is in vain, unless
 God of His blessing doth our labour bless.

Ecclesiastes IX. 11.

I SAW under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

THE Righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness.—*Proverbs xi. 6.*

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbour hath put thee to shame.—*Proverbs xxv. 8.*

WITHOUT counsel, purposes are disappointed.—*Proverbs xv. 22.*

He that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house.—*Proverbs xv. 27.*

EVERY ONE IS GLAD TO SEE A KNAVE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THE glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earth's globe in one
 Gives waters to the rivers, loofeth none;
 The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,
 Doth loofe no light, and still he wafts his rayes:
 The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,
 And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire;
 So this my torch can give to others light,
 And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.

Thus Divine Wifdome doth communicate
 Herselfe, that others may participate.
 The good more common, better is, and grace
 Wissheth, all were partakers of her case.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



UNWARRANTABLE INDULGENCES HAVE AN ILL FAREWELL.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, SO THE TREE'S INCLINED.

Rami correcti rectificantur; trabs minimè.



CE QUE POULAIN PREND EN JEUNESSE,

IL LE CONTINUE EN VIEILLESSE.

THE BRANCHES MAY BE TRAINED, BUT NOT
THE TRUNK.

AS I want wood to build a house,
I would cut down this tree:
'Tis a fine stem, although in truth
It somewhat crooked be.
I've sunk this pole, in hopes to bend
It somewhat straighter by;

YOUTH AND WHITE PAPER TAKE ANY IMPRESSION.

JONG RIJS IS TE BUIGEN, MAAR GEEN OUDE BOOMEN.

FIN CHE LA PIANTA E TENERA BESOGNO DRIZZARLA.

Yet fear, though I the trunk e'en with
 A hundred withies tie—
 (It is so stiff in heart and growth,)
 That it will never take
 A better shape, whatever be
 The efforts I may make.
 But while here on the ladder, I
 Some person hear below!—
 Some voice unknown that calls to me,
 Holloa! up there! holloa!
 And somehow (why I know not) I
 Leave off to hear what he
 Has got to say, and this is the
 Discourse he holds to me:
 Eh! man, what art about? wouldst bend
 A full grown tree like this!
 Dost take it for a sapling, eh?—
 Why what's with thee amiss!
 There is no sense in what thou do'st,
 So spare thy labour, friend;
 'Tis only when the tree is young
 That thou the stem canst bend!
 Go, get thee home, and rather let
 Thy children have thy care:
 The labour that thou here bestow'st,
 Were better given there.
 Those are the trees whose growth once set
 Will give thee most concern;
 And from th' experience of my years,
 This lesson thou may'st learn:
 In tender youth alone, the mind
 To Virtue can be train'd;
 But that once pass'd, its growth and bend
 Are not to be reclaim'd.

THE above adage is taken from the collection of Arabic sayings collected and translated by the learned Polygot D. Erpenium, who was Professor in the high school of Leyden. This saying admonishes all parents and guardians that the years

of childhood only are fitted for instruction, and that therefore a special regard should be had to them for that purpose. "Bend the neck of thy child whilst he is yet young, so that he become not stiff-necked," saith the Lord. Many sayings of our time, either in word or spirit, and frequently in both, correspond with that divine admonition. In allusion hereto, Scaliger in his day, cited in his Collection of Proverbs as coincident in meaning the French adage :

VIEIL arbre mal aisé à redresser.
Alte Bäume sind böse zu biegen.
Alte Hunden böss bändig zu machen.
Old dogs are hard to train.

ETH moet vroeg krommen dat een goede reep worden sal.
To make a good rope it must be bent early.

MEN mag zijn oude schoenen verwerpen ; maer niet zijn oude seden.
A man can throw away his old shoes, but not his old habits.

GEWOHNTTE maeckt eelt.
Custom makes things hard.

WAT heeft geleert de jonger man,
Dat hangt hem al zijn leven an.
What the young man has learnt sticks to him through life.

NUTRITURA passa natura.

DELLA matina si cognosce il buon giornò.

L'HAYER cura de putti
Non è mestiere de tutti.

TAGYRI adeth gaiet mischkhiuldur.—*Turkish Proverb.*

Id est,
It is difficult to change customs.

Τέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν, φλαῦρον, ὡς νέφ πέροι.
ARISTOPH. *apud Suidam.*

Id est,
Erigere durum est, qui cadit juvenis, senem.
Annosam arborem transplantare. *Eodem sensu adagium refertur ab Erasmo.*

Castigar vieja, y espulgar pella, dos rivancos, son.

'Tis Education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

TRAIN up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—*Prov. xxii. 6.*

THOU goest about mischief and still dost feare,
 Least this my light 'gainst thee should witnesse beare;
 So having put me out thou think'st to worke
 Thy will, and yet in secret still to lurke.

Thou art deceiv'd, the darknesse of this cell
 Containes a light, that sees the lowest hell.
 But thou a Want, canst not perceive this light,
 Neither discern Sun-shine from cloudy night.
 Then shalt thou see it, when the Deity
 Shall kindle that sparke which in thy breast doth ly.
 What e're thou dost, looke to that Light which made
 All Lights, and shines as day in midnight shade.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



WELL-DONE OUTLIVES DEATH.

WHAT IS WRONG TO-DAY, WON'T BE RIGHT TO-MORROW.

Als morsige lieden Kuys worden, soo schuerense de Panne van achteren.



NEITHER HANDSOME ENOUGH TO KILL

NOR UGLY ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN.

WHEN SLOVENLY SERVANTS GET TIDY, THEY POLISH
THE BOTTOMS OF THE SAUCEPANS.

LOOK at these Girls!—When they first came to me,
They were so fluttish and untidy both,
I never had a saucepan fit to see,
And scarcely ever a clean kitchen cloth.
But now it is a pleasure to behold;
They are become so wondrous clean and neat;

NEITHER A LOG, NOR A STORK, GOOD JUPITER.

I never have to rate them, nor to scold,
 Nor ever now an order to repeat.
 They're scouring, scrubbing things continually,
 'Tis rare indeed such girls as them to meet;
 Their kitchen's quite a palace, as you see,
 And look, their dresser! isn't it a treat?
 They never now require to be told
 A single thing: and, what is even more,
 I'm often now almost obliged to scold,
 They've got so over nice, 'tis quite a bore!
 They're now what I call cleanly to excess,
 And make themselves more work than need be made.
 So much, that oft I'd rather see a mess,
 That I might have some reason to upbraid.
 There, look! 'tis quite ridiculous to see!
 Those pans and kettles which they're scrubbing so;
 Although I've said it don't require to be,
 They clean the very bottoms of them too!
 'Tis just the way with foolish people all,
 When once their old bad habits they forsake,
 In th' opposite extreme too oft they fall,
 And of a virtue then a folly make.

The Spendthrift, when he takes to save, a Miser oft becomes,
 And, where he squander'd thousands once, will make his meal of crumbs.
 The niggardly, when he the part of liberal would play,
 Is generous beyond his means, to give, to lend, or pay.
 But both are in excess, and act in opposition quite
 To Sense and Reason's rules for doing e'en the thing that's right.
 So be advised by me, my friends, and keep within the mean;
 The path of Light, the line of Right, lies all extremes between.

POR Medio y no caereys.

ALLEZ par le Milieu, et vous ne tomberez.

——MEDIO intissimus ibis.

IL n'y a banquet que de chiches.

Zu wenig und zu viel
Verderbet alle Spiel.
Zu viel ist ungesund.

AL zu scharff macht schärtig.

IL molio e'l poco.
Rompe le givoco.

Ni tan hermosa que mate,
Ni tan fea que espante.
Ni tant belle, qu'elle tue :
Ni tant laide, qu'elle espouvente.

Noch y ! noch fy.

OGNO bel givoco vuol durar poco.
Tien la Strada di mezzo.

PERGE viâ mediâ : medium tenuêre beati.

QUI commence à être libéral, devient prodigue.

BAULLU curium etion vetra mensaran carnadu.—*Turkish Adage.*

OMNIS intemperantia est a tota mente ac a recta ratione defectio.—CICERO.

INCIDIT in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.—HORACE.

ID arbiſtror adprime in vita esse utile "*ne quid nimis.*"—TERENCE.

Avoid Extremes.

'Tis all in vain to keep a constant poſſer
About one Vice, and fall into another ;
Betwixt excess and famine lies a mean ;
Plain, but not sordid ; though not splendid, clean.—POPE.

Never exaggerate.

THE Wise never speak in the superlative, for that mode of speech always offends either Truth or Prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, inasmuch as they expose the shallowness of the understanding and the bad taste of the speaker. Exaggeration is a species of lying ; he who exaggerates shews himself to be a man of bad taste, and, what is worse, a man of mean intellect.—GRACIAN.

MY Light into a snuffe is almost turn'd,
 And now the candle to smoaking ashes burn'd,
 Behold another Light stands ready by,
 Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
 Yet not unpunish'd it puts out my breath,
 My very ashes doe revenge my death.

So doth the sonne his Father make away,
 If not with sword, with griefe, before his day,
 That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
 Which Nemefis revenging doth convoy.
 For oft the spendthrifts goods so evill gotten
 Are spent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



TOO MUCH OF ONE THING

IS, GOOD FOR NOTHING.

DO BUSINESS, BUT BE NOT A SLAVE TO IT.

PROSPERITY GAINS FRIENDS,

When the Wind serves, all aid.



GREASE THE FAT SOW!

“**W**HO claimeth kindred with the Poor?”
So few! that 'twas the reason why
The question was first put, no doubt,—
And truly! it doth much imply.
Replete with meaning are those words,
Though few—to picture and exprefs
In time of yore, as even now,
Man's all-absorbing selfishness.

ADVERSITY TRIES THEM.

IN TIMES OF PROSPERITY FRIENDS WILL BE PLENTY,

IN TIMES OF ADVERSITY NOT ONE IN TWENTY.

The sage* who said in antient days :
 "When the strong-box contains no more,
 And that the kitchen fire is out,
 Both friends and flatt'ers shun the door,"
 Attested then, what even now
 Is daily seen on every hand :
 The prosperous in life, alone
 Have proffer'd service at command.
 Let Fortune with propitious winds
 Waft but the laden bark to shore,
He finds a host of helping friends,
 Who never had a friend before.
 Beyond his need on ev'ry side,
 He fees unask'd-for sympathy ;
 Official zeal to help and aid
 The tide of his prosperity.
 "Grease the fat sow ! all help ! all aid !"
 On ev'ry hand the harpies cry ;
 'Tis easy rowing in the wake
 Of others' toil and industry !

Thus 'tis in life, we constant see
 The Drones and Idlers of our kind,
 Prey on the labours of the Bee,
 And fatten on what others find.
 The Foxes of the human race,
 The Beavers of their own despoil ;
 Craft, lord it in poor Merit's place,
 And take the credit of his toil.

DONEC eris felix, multos numerabis amicos :
 Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
 Aspicis ut veniant ad candida tecta columbæ,
 Accipiat nullas sordida turris aves ?

* Plutarch.

Horrea formicæ tendunt ad inania nunquàm :
 Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.
 Utque comes radios per solis euntibus umbra est :
 Cùm latet hic pressus nubibus, illa fugit :
 Mobile sic sequitur fortunæ lumina vulgus !
 Quæ simul inductâ nube teguntur, abit.—*OID, i. Trist. 8.*

GRANARO vuoto formica non frequenta.—*Italian Proverb.*

OP ledige solders en komen geen Kalanders.—*Dutch Proverb.*

WER da liegt, über dem läuft alle Welt hin.—*German Proverb.*

PARENTE con parente
 Guai à chi non ha niente.

VRIENDEN zijn vrienden, maer wee diese van doen heeft.

A BON vent chaque saint aide.
 IN borsa serrata, amico non si trova.

VRIENDEN in der noot
 Vier-en-twintigh in een loot.

FELICIUM omnes consanguinei.

MEN kent geen vrient als in der noot ;
 Den rijcken na den doot.

DIEWEIL die Henn' Eier legt, legt man ihr auch.—*Old German Proverb.*

WHILE the Pot boils, Friendship blooms.

IN Prosperity Friends are numerous and cheap.

INFELICIUM nulli sunt affines.

L'HOMME pauvre est toujours en pais étranger.—*JUAN RUFO, Apoph. 541.*

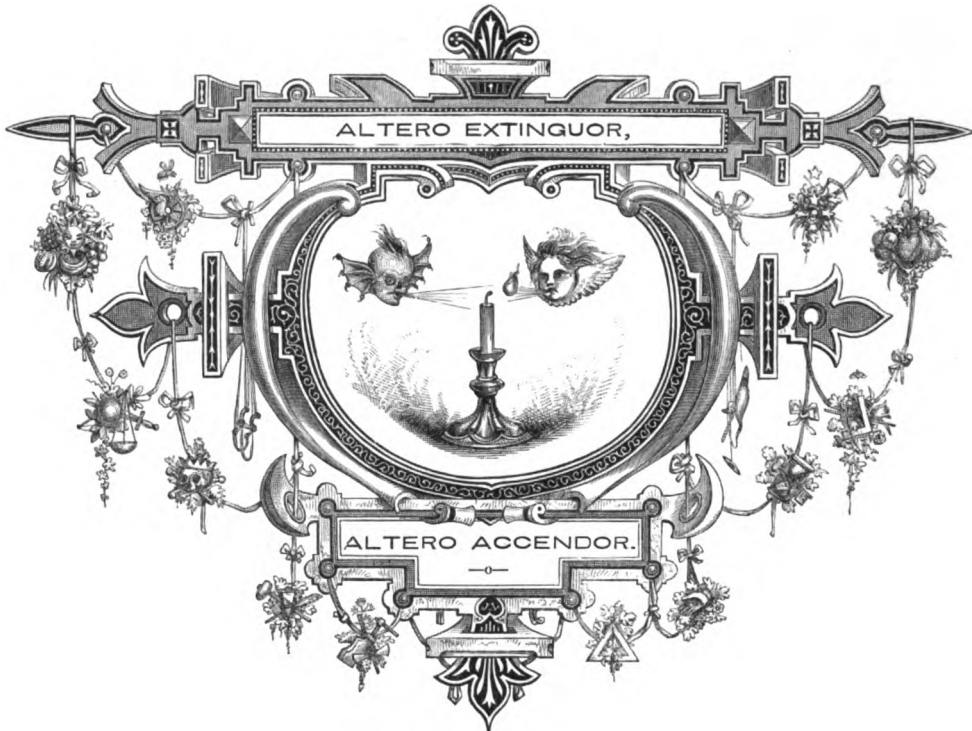
THE Vulgar find Friends neither in Prosperity nor Adversity : because in the former they know nobody, and that in Adversity nobody will know them.—*GRACIAN.*

INTEREST makes all seem Reason that leads to it.—*DRYDEN, Sec. Love.*

The noblest Friendship ever shown,
 The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turned and turned it :
 And whether being crazed or blind,
 Or seeking with a biassed mind,
 Have not, it seems, discerned it.—*COWPER.*

WHILST I did shine fierce Boreas put me out,
 Againe he kindles me at the second bout :
 As sometimes did the clowne, now Boreas doth,
 Both heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
 The billow whom it cast into the maine,
 Returning threw him in the Shippe againe ;
 Fortune throwes downe, then raifeth from the ground ;
 Achilles speare doth cure whom it did wound.
 Loffes prove good to some ; whom Greece condemnd,
 The Persian for his vallour could commend.
 Be not cast downe, dispaire not at mischance,
 God who hath crossed thee, will thee advance.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



WHEN A MAN'S COAT IS THREADBARE,

IT IS AN EASY THING TO PICK A HOLE IN IT.

TOO MUCH FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

Faites feste au chien, il te gastera ton habit.



PLAY WITH THE DOG, AND HE'LL SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

AS in the garden yesterday,
In full Court fuit, I coax'd our Tray,
And with each friendly pat and stroke,
The usual words of kindness spoke;
He in return for my cares,
Sprang up, unmindful of my drefs,

LA FAMILIARITE ENGENDRE LE MEPRIS.

STREEKYE DEN HONDT, HY BEDERFT UW KLEEDT.

LA FAMIGLIARITA FA DISPREGIAMENTO.

MAKE NOT THY FRIEND TOO CHEAP TO THEE,

NOR THYSELF TO THY FRIEND.

And with his dirty feet and nose
 Besmear'd my handsome cloak and hose.
 In spite of all that I could say,
 To keep in bounds his ruthless play;—
 Grown bolder still, the vexing brute,
 As though intent to spoil my suit,
 Jump'd up again—my shoe-ties foil'd,
 My satin knee-bows fray'd and spoil'd;
 Till finding all my chiding vain,
 His wanton fondness to restrain;
 In wrath I kick'd th' unmanner'd hound,
 And laid him sprawling on the ground.
 As with the brute, with man no less,
 The friendship of th' uncultur'd mind
 Is irksome oft, from sheer excess
 Of zeal to do the thing that's kind.
 However friendly you may be
 Dispos'd your serving-man to treat,
 Let not your partiality
 Be shewn beyond the bound that's meet:
 With equal care your fondness shew,
 When you your child or dog cares;
 For both alike as little know,
 How far the friendship may transgress,
 That ruffles self-love through the Drefs.

BURLAOS con el asno, daros ha en la barba con el rado.
 Cria corvo, y sacar te hal el ojo.—*Old Spanish Proverb.*

LES enfans et serviteurs il ne les faut mignarder, si tu veux en jouir.

FAITES feste au chat, il vous sautera au visage.

Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum.

Il troppo conversar partorisce dispregio.

NULLI te facias nimis sodalem.

Gaudebis minùs? Et minùs dolebis.—**MARTIAL.**

JAMAIS trop compagnon à nul ne te feras :

Car bien que moins de joye, moins d'ennuy tu auras.

WILL WHISK HIS TAIL IN YOUR FACE.

CHOSE accoutumée
N'est pas fort prisee.

A CASA de tu tia,
Mas no cada dia :
A caso de tu hermano,
Non iras cada ferano.
A la maison de ta tante,
Mais pas tous les jours :
A la maison de ton frère ;
Mais non tous les soirs.

Ale luporum catulos.

IN eos qui læduntur ab iis, de quibus bene meriti sint, aut in ingratos. Nam plerunque solet id usu venire illis, qui catulos luporum enutriunt.—ERASM. in *Adagio*.

QUI se fait brebis, le loup le mange :
Qui se fait porceau, se met dans la fange :
Amignotte ton enfant, et il te donnera maint effroy :
Joue-toi avec lui, et il te contristera.
Ne te joue point avec un homme mal appris.

IN reverse sense of what has been said above, the Hebrew proverb saith, "If your friend be sugar you must not eat him all up," *i. e.* that we must not require too much of those who are willing to serve us ; that we should never misuse any one's courtesy ; nor over-ride a willing horse :

SHOULD any ask the reason why
I use nor whip nor spurs to ply
The mare I ride ?—It is that she
Requires nor whip nor spur from me :
Because her mettle is so good,
And she's so willing in her mood,
That since I've her bestrode, I ne'er
Found her dispos'd her legs to spare.
For whip or spur no use I see
Whene'er a horse goes willingly :
And this I hold :—From horse nor man
That willing gives, take all you can :
Nor is he wise who tries his friend
Beyond his will to give or lend.
Who overloads his ass, no less
T' obtain his wish the worst way chooses :
His ass stands still from sheer distress,
And greed of gain the market loses !

OVERDOING IS DOING NOTHING TO THE PURPOSE.

FRIENDS ARE LIKE FIDDLE STRINGS. THEY MUST NOT BE SCREWED TOO TIGHT.

NOW Boreas puffing in his boistrous ire
 Blows as he were to kindle Vulcans fire:
 He doth undoe me by his churlishnesse,
 I am confumed more, and shine the lesse:
 He spends his labour, so I lose mine oyle,
 As no wayes fit to undergoe such toyle.

You beat the Asse lingring under his load,
 The generous Horfe deserveth not a goad:
 The Muses sonnes cannot away with lashes,
 Which are more fitting for Arcadian asses.
 Each strength within his limits, Nature bounds,
 Which who so passeth, Nature he confounds.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



FRIENDSHIP INCREASES IN VISITING FRIENDS,

BUT MORE IN VISITING THEM SELDOM.

Turpe Senilis Amor.



UBI MEL, IBI APES.

WHERE BEES ARE, THERE IS HONEY.

BEES TOUCH NO FADING FLOWERS.

THE Rose round which of late in such disport,
So many came t' admire and to court;
With drooping head now mourns that she should be
By all forsaken she was wont to see.
No gentle Zephyr now as yester-noon,
Comes near to revel in her sweet perfume;

THE FADED ROSE NO SUITOR KNOWS.

No Butterfly with wings of varied hue,
 Now hovers near, and stays his flight to view
 Her full-blown beauties—nor as hitherto,
 To kifs from off her breast the pearly dew :
 No tuneful Bee* now hies on eager wing
 His admiration of her charms to sing,
 Nor longer seeks to rifle and to sip
 The honied treasures of her fragrant lip.
 And why is this?—the reason soon is told :
 Nor Butterflies nor Bees are grown more cold—
 But thou, poor Rose!—'tis thou art growing old!
 Thy beauties in their prime but yesterday ;—
 To-day, alas! are fading fast away!
 Yield thee to Love, sweet youth, while youth is thine;
 Seek thee a mate e'er yet thy youth decline,
 Nor make delay to love, to woo and wed,
 Till Age has strewn its snows upon thine head.
 Of Life's best years waste not the richest bloom
 In fruitless use, for Time is Beauty's tomb ;—
 Youth, Strength, and Beauty have not long to stay,
 To-day they're thine—to-morrow pass'd away!

A MARE juveni fructus, crimen seni.—SENEC. in *Proverb.*

DESINE, dulcium
 Mater sæva cupidinum,
 Circà lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Tam durum imperiis. Abi
 Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.—HORACE.

In Caducum Parietem non inclinandum.

WHEN the fresh rose first opens to the day,
 'Tis wooed by all that love round flowers to play:
 But when it droops and all its bloom is o'er,
 No Bee then seeks it for its honey more.

*Apes à marcidis floribus abstinere solent : mortuis, ait Plinius, floribus ne quidem corporibus insidunt.

So fares it ever with the rich and great
To poverty reduc'd by adverse Fate :
Few know them then, or their acquaintance boast ;
Not even those who fawn'd on them the most ;
Smil'd when they smil'd, and made without a cause
Each look and word their subject for applause ;
In sordid worship of that wealth and state
Which grov'ling minds then pay towards the great.
Then like the Rose deserted by the Bee,
When all its wealth of sweets has pass'd away,
Each shuns the fall'n, nor merit more can see
In him whose call they truckl'd to obey.

MY lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore ; and my kinsmen stand afar off.—*Psalm xxxviii. 11.*

MANY will entreat the favour of the prince, and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts ; [But] all the brethren of the poor do hate him : how much more do his friends go far from him ?—*Prov. xix. 6, 7.*

SOME friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction. In thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants : [But] if thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and will hide himself from thy face.—*Ecclesiasticus vi. 10—12.*

A FRIEND cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity. In the prosperity of a man enemies will be grieved, but in his adversity even a friend will depart.—*Ibid. xii. 8, 9.*

WEALTH maketh many friends ; but the poor is separated from his neighbour.
Prov. xix. 4.

THERE is a companion which rejoiceth in the prosperity of a friend, but in the time of trouble will be against him. There is a companion which helpeth his friend for the belly, and taketh up the buckler against the enemy.—*Ecclesiasticus xxxvii. 4, 5.*

WHERE the carcase is, there the eagles will be gathered together.—*Matt. xxiv. 28.*

CUM Fortuna manet vultum servatis amici,
Cum cedit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.—*OID.*

WHEN THE TREE IS FALLEN, EVERY ONE GOETH TO IT WITH HIS HATCHET.

WHEN as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,
 Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;
 Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
 And none injuriously durst me upbraide;
 But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,
 And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,
 Loe how without defence I naked stand,
 Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.

Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends
 To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;
 But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
 To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



THE DOG WAGS HIS TAIL NOT FOR YOU, BUT FOR THE BREAD.

MEN USE TO WORSHIP THE RISING SUN.

ONE ILL EXAMPLE SPOILS MANY GOOD.

Pomme pourrie gâte sa compagnie.



ONE ROTTEN APPLE INFECTS ALL IN
THE BASKET.

FAIR Maid! who comes so oft this way,
Your fruit of me to buy!
In guerdon of your kindness, pray!
Before my fruit you try,—
Give ear to what I have to say,
For I would service do
To such as buy of me to-day,
Good customers like you!

ONE MANGY SHEEP SPOILS A WHOLE FLOCK.

ONE ROTTEN EGG SPOILS THE WHOLE PUDDING.

ONE ILL WEED MARS A WHOLE POT OF POTTAGE.

TELL ME THE COMPANY YOU KEEP,

AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE.

Full many years have I sold fruit,
 And well its nature know;
 As that of ev'ry herb and root,
 That in the garden grow;—
 And this I've found, and heard it too
 From all who fruit have grown,—
 "However fine and fresh to view,
 The good, keep best alone."
 No rotten pear, however flight
 The token of decay,
 But soon as e'er it meets the sight,
 It should be thrown away:
 For be the damage e'er so small,
 In little time, I've known
 The taint will often spread to all,
 From that one pear alone.
 I've had of Jargonels a lot,
 As sound as fruit could be,
 All from one apple take the rot,
 And prove sad loss to me.
 Nor is there fruit that ever grew,
 When spoil'd in any part,
 But soon spoils all that's near it too,
 So take these truths to heart:
 A tainted grape the bunch may spoil;
 A mildew'd ear, the corn in shock;
 A scabby sheep, with rot and boil,
 Infect and kill the finest flock.
 Hence, maiden, I would have you know
 The ill that evil contact brings
 To all the finest fruits that grow,
 And fairest maids, like other things.
 Seek only all that's good to learn;
 Thine ears from evil counsel turn;—
 For all the more the fruit is fair,
 The greater is its need of care.

GIUCCIARDINI, in his Book entitled "Hours of Recreation," says that it is a singular and sure way to acquire a knowledge of the inner nature and character of a person, if one diligently observes the kind of society he most frequently keeps :

For two of a kind, whate'er they be,
Are forthwith certain to agree,

as Cicero said formerly when speaking of Cato : because Nature always inclines to its like ; and hence, specially applicable to the foregoing subject is the Spanish proverb :

Di me con quien iras
Dizir te he lo que haras.
Tell me, with whom thou goest,
And I'll tell thee what thou doest.

To shun evil company is therefore one of the most important things to be impressed on the mind of the youth of both sexes ; and the extent of mischief which it leads to, may be well inferred from the writings of David, a man after God's heart, and of Solomon, the wisest of kings ; both of whom gave this subject the first place in their writings. David in his first Psalm, and Solomon in the first chapter of his Proverbs, coincide with the sense expressed in the Proverbs of all nations, as may herein be seen :

HE that handles pitch shall foul his fingers.

HANDELT gy't peck,
Gy krygt een fleck.

BREBIS rogneuse
Fait l'autre tigneuse.

ONE rotten sheepe wille marre a whole flocke.

LA mancana podrida
Pierde a su compannia.

UNICA prava pecus inficit omne pecus.
Dum spectant læsos oculi, læduntur et ipsi.—OVID.

—GREX totus in agris

Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci :
Uvaque conspectâ livorum ducit ab uvâ.—JUVENAL, *Sat.* 2.

WER unter den Wölfen ist, muss mit ihnen heulen.
Ein reudig Schaf macht die ganze Heerde reudig.

EIN schurft schaep maeckt'er veel.
Die by de kreupelen woont, leert hincken.
Vuyle gronden bederven de Kabels.

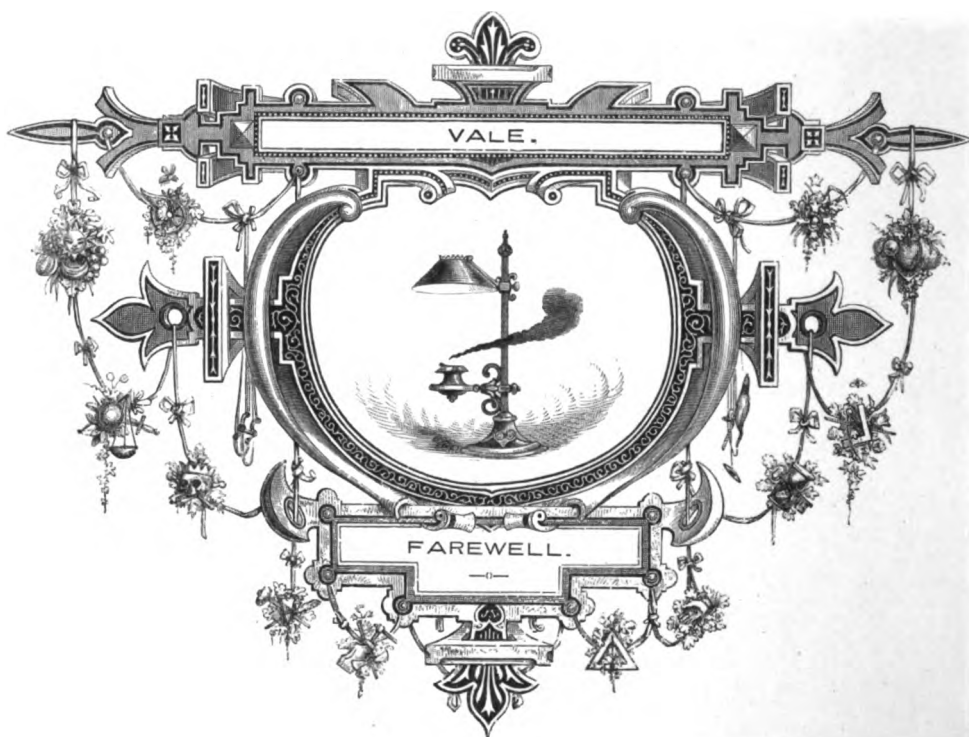
DIE met den goeden omme gaet,
En acht ick noyt myn leven quaet.

HE WHO GOES TO THE MILL GETS BEFLOURED.

HE WHO TOUCHES PITCH DEFILES HIMSELF.

FLAME goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
 Bids earth adue, and what it hath therefrom.
 The snuffe to ashes, smoake turnes into ayre ;
 Lights beauty's gone, which sometime was so faire ;
 When Death hath giv'n his last and fatall blow,
 Our soule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe ;
 Riches and honours, which it once did love,
 The Soule now lothes ; and seekes to dwell above :
 Learne Mortals, all false pleasures to contemne,
 And treasures, which the soule must once condemne :
 Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
 Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



AND GOD WILL KEEP YOU FROM SINS.

EVERY SUITOR IS NOT A HEART-BREAKER.

Tangor, non Frangor, ab undis.



LIP WORSHIP DON'T REACH THE HEART.

PARLER DE BOUCHE, AU CŒUR NE TOUCHE.

I AM TOUCHED, NOT BROKEN BY THE WAVES.

AT ev'ry festive board th' admir'd guest,
At ev'ry Ball the partner in request;
'Mid Fashion's throng wherever thou art seen
Th' acknowledg'd fairest type of Beauty's Queen:
And yet—with all this tribute to thy grace,
This fervent homage of thy form and face;

ALLE AANSPRECKERS, GEEN HERTE-BREKERS.

Unmov'd, unchang'd, thou art in all the fame
 As heretofore ;—nor Love, nor praise, nor blame,
 To thee or pleasure or annoy impart—
 Such is the icy coldness of thine heart !
 That thou art thus, explains full well to me,
 What I once deem'd mere fabulous to be :
 That even 'midst the Ocean's rolling wave,
 Where all earth's waters find a common grave ;
 There flow some Rivers which no less maintain
 Their course unbroken, and unmix'd retain
 Their Water's sweetness 'mid the briny main !—*
 So thou, who kindest in all hearts, desire,
 Mov'st cold and still unscath'd amidst the fire !

QUIS fornacem Regis Babylonii sine adustione ingressus est, inquit, cujus adolescentis
 Ægyptica Domina pallium non terruit ? Inter illecebras voluptatum etiam ferreas
 mentes libido domat. Difficile inter opulas servatur pudicitia.—HIERON. lib. iii. *Epist.* 5.

PERICLITATUR castitas in deliciis, humilitas in divitiis, pietas in negotiis, veritas in
 multiloquio, charitas in hoc mundo.—BERNARD. *in quod. Serm.*

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear ;
 And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance wear :
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
 And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart.
 But, when I plead, she bids me play my part ;
 And, when I weep, she says ; Tears are but water ;
 And, when I sigh, she says ; I know the art ;
 And, when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
 So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
 While she as steel and flint doth still remain.—EDMUND SPENSER.

* This was antiently affirmed and believed of the River Alpheus, in its course through the
 Sicilian Sea.

I PR'YTHEE send me back my heart,
 Since I can not have thine ;
 For if from yours you will not part—
 Why then shouldst thou have mine ?
 Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain ;
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.—SIR J. SUCKLING.

OH ! who would love ? I woo'd a Woman once,
 But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
 And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn
 Turns from the sea.—TENNYSON.

THE fair Lauretta's eyes, so blue and bright,
 Look blank and cold when I am in her sight.
 Paint her not thus, kind limner ! give her that
 Sweet smile she wears when talking to her cat.
 So shall I fondly think, whene'er I see
 The beaming Portrait, that it smiles on me.—Anon.

Mediis immixtus in undis.

READER ! from this our Emblem learn to be
 Th' unmingling River, flowing through the sea
 Of this World's brackish waters. Thou too, keep
 Thy course unbroken 'mid the briny deep
 Of all its lures, its lusts and vanity.
 Though living in men's 'midst, yield not thine heart
 To those who would their taint to it impart ;
 Lest soon commingling with the 'whelming tide
 Of Passion's waves which press on ev'ry side,
 Thy Soul's sweet waters lose their purity.

DISCITE in hoc mundo, suprà mundum esse ; et si corpus geritis, volitet in vobis
 ales interior.—AMBROS. *de Virg.*

THAT ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in
 the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in
 the world.—*Philip. ii. 15.*

AND they that use this world, as not abusing it : for the fashion of this world
 passeth away.—I *Corinth. vii. 31.*

WHEN thou in darkeness of the night didst blaze,
 I could not without envy on thee gaze;
 But when the Cyclop Titan comes in sight,
 There is no ods twixt darkeness and thy light:
 I do not envy thee, although thou shine;
 No glor' I have nor is the glory thine.

As lightsome bodyes doe a shaddow give;
 So glory without envy cannot live:
 When greater glory doth the meane suppress,
 It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



SAYING AND DOING ARE TWO THINGS.

NONE SO DEAF AS HE THAT WILL NOT HEAR.

LIKE TO LIKE. AND NAN TO NICHOLAS.

Birds of one feather will focke together.



LIKE PLAYS BEST WITH LIKE.

LIKE WELL, LIKE BUCKET.

WHAT! are you then in earnest, friend?
Oh, no!—it cannot be:
It's quite impossible that you
Should think of courting me!
Indeed you'd better take your love
Elsewhere; for sure am I
We are by no means suited for
The Matrimonial tie.

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

You! who by all are said to be
 A roving, ruffling blade—
 And I, as ev'ry body knows,
 A quiet, gentle maid;
 From early youth accustom'd to
 The peaceful joys of home,
 Amid the rude and bustling world
 I have no wish to roam:
 In Housewifery and its behests,
 The greatest charm I find,
 And when from these I seek relief,
 Why then with humble mind
 I read some holy book, or spin,
 And often take delight
 To imitate in 'broidery
 Some posie's colours bright:
 'Tis seldom I go out to walk,
 And in the Street but rare,
 Excepting to and fro from Church,
 Or when I go to bear
 Some comfort to the sick and poor,
 For we are taught to give
 Some share of that we have, to those
 Who labour hard to live.
 But you without restraint give loose
 To passion's wilder sway,
 Love feasting, wine and riot,
 And are giv'n much to play:
 You know no rest, and to your mind
 No moment hath such charms,
 As when the drum or trumpet shrill
 Calls all the Camp to arms.
 Methinks some Trooper's daughter were
 For you a fitter bride,
 Who in the Soldier's ruder life
 And habits takes a pride:
 Whose eye unmov'd could look upon
 The blood-stain'd battle-field,

Can swing a sword and trail a pike,
 Nor to the best one yield.
 Who when she hears the cannon roar,
 Would stand unmov'd by fear,
 And say, what others terrifies
 Is music to her ear.
 Such is the Bride would suit you best,
 The Wife whom you would find
 Most suited to your habits,
 And your rougher tone of mind.
 Who without dread would pass her hand
 Upon your Rapier's blade,
 And bid you fight until you fell,
 And 'neath the turf were laid:
 But I who am a timid thing,
 Who even fear the smoke
 Of Petronel and Arquebus,
 Much less the cannon's stroke;
 Who see in you alone what would
 Make me much misery,
 I am no ways a match for you,
 Nor are you fit for me.
 Look but around and you will see
 Where'er you turn your eye,
 The Birds which on the water swim,
 And those which soar on high—
 All choose their mates as most befits,
 And concord every where;
 Each woo his like, as it should be,
 And like with like doth pair.
 Nought can induce the Dove to take
 The Eagle for her mate,
 The Partridge to the Buzzard-hawk
 Will never link her fate;
 The Raven black weds not the Swan,
 'Twas not by Nature meant,
 For "Like with like" alone, my friend,
 Can give the heart content.

CASAR Y COMPARAR, CADA QUAL.

CON SU YGUAL.

THIS waxen torch is able to endure
 The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,
 It leads the way in darknesse of the night,
 And, though the serene fall, it shewes his Light :
 The candle still lurks at home, and there doth show
 Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
 This as the houses joy at home doth stay,
 The other still abroad doth make his way
 The hardy husband from his house goes forth
 Seeking to compasse business of worth ;
 He failes by rockes and sands, earely and late
 He toiles, and seekes to purchase an estate :
 The wife at home much like a snaile she fits
 On hous-wifry employing all her wits :
 Ulysses in his travels hard did shift,
 Penelope at home did use her thrift.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



MAIS ENTRE GENS DE CONTRAIRE NATURE

N'Y AMOUR NI AMITIE DURE.

L'AMITIE SE FAIT ET DURE.

Mite Pyrum vel Sponte Fluit.



THE RIPE PEAR FALLS READY
TO THE HAND.

WOULDST early be successful in thy suit,
Nor languish long in Love's consuming flame?—
In Beauty's garden, shun the unripe fruit,
And breathe thy passion to the riper dame.
The fruit that's green clings longest to the tree,

WOO THE WIDOW WHILST SHE IS IN WEEDS.

THERE IS NO WORSE FRUIT THAN THAT WHICH NEVER RIPENS.

Nor willing yields to leave the parent spray ;
While that which has attain'd maturity,
Warm'd to the core beneath the sunny ray,
Yields to the touch—and quickly comes away.

— TOLLE cupidinem

Immitis uvæ :

Jam te sequetur, jam protervâ

Fronte petet Lalage maritum.—HORACE, lib. 2, *Car. Od.* 5.

— Primis et adhuc crescentibus annis.

Non mentem Venus ipsa dedit.

Homo pomo similis.

LIKE unto Man whose course is nearly run,
The Apple, ripen'd by the autumn sun,
Yields to the touch, or to the slightest breath,
And falling—is the image of his Death.
But not alone in this the semblance lies
Between the Man's and Apple's destinies :
The ripe, in Age, part ready from the spray—
The green, in Youth, are torn by force away.

Un homme, une pomme.

Nos corps, comme les fruits aux arbres attachés,

Ou meurent, tombent en terre, ou verds sont arrachés.—DU VAIR'S *Epictetus*.

IL me semble, que la dite comparaison est propre et vive, pour exprimer la façon de mourir, et d'un robuste jeune homme, qui est encore en la fleur de son âge, et d'un bon vieil homme, qui jà va penchant vers la terre.—DU VAIR.

It is said, by the Philosopher, "Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt, sunt habenda in bonis." But all that happens to us contrary to the usual course of nature, is generally considered lamentable. Cicero, who seems to share the sentiment of Epictetus, and who borrowed from him in his book "De Senectute," expresses himself in yet more elevated and impressive terms :

Adolescentes mihi mori sic videntur, ut aquæ multitudine flammæ vis opprimitur. Senex autem, sicut suâ sponte nullâ vi adhibitâ consumtus ignis exstinguitur : et quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, si velluntur ; si matura et cocta, decidunt. Sicut vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, sic senibus maturitas.

Quod crudum, idem et pertinax.

THE fruit that's ripe, parts willing from the tree ;
Unripe, 'tis not so willing to comply :
Who call'd by Death resists his destiny,
Proves most that he is unprepar'd to die.

It is sad to die before the time : idle speech ! Before what time ? Before that prescribed by Nature ? But Nature lent life to us only, without fixing the term of its withdrawal.—CICERO.

Offeramus Deo pro munere, quod pro debito teneamur reddere.

CHRYLOS. *Super Matth. 10.*

IN the hope of a better award,
Forgetful that Life is a loan ;
We but offer to God, as reward,
The Life which is His—not our own.

OUR Life is taken from us but to give
A better life wherewith in Heav'n to live ;
Unquench'd our Spirit, by our body's death,
Rises refresh'd to breathe with purer breath.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.—SHIRLEY.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—*Psalm xc. 9.*

THE days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—*Ibid. 10.*

DESTINY LEADS THE WILLING, BUT DRAGS THE UNWILLING.

WHEN first my light did shine, you lik'd me well.
 Now that is gone; you hate my loathsome smell;
 You with prolongers made me live, and art
 Preserv'd my light; but now Time acts his part,
 Triumphant Time, shewes now my glasse is runne,
 (What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne;
 Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
 To Coffin: as I doe, all must doe so.

Time breaths a shrewd and life-bereaving blast,
 Yet upward flies my light, where it shall last.
 'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
 So deere, that many wayes and arts I prov'd
 The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,
 But yet in spight of me 'twill go to grave.
 This is my comfort, Body, that thy tombe
 Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe
 To bring thee once againe unto the light,
 And life, which death shall never know, or night:
 Then be content, though you and I depart:
 Yet Soule and Body still shall have one heart.—FARLIE'S *Emblems*.



THERE IS NO TRUE HOLINESS WITHOUT HUMILITY.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PRECIOUS AS TIME, AND NOTHING SO PRODIGALLY WASTED.

LOVE IS THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

Quid non sensit amor?



LIEB' WACHST DURCH LIEB'.

CEUX QUI S'ENTRE AIME S'ENTRE ENTENDENT.

WHO HAS NOT FELT LOVE?

BEHOLD the wond'rous sympathy between
The strings of yonder lute, and this I play!
Is it not just as though some hand unseen
Swept the same chords, and tun'd the self-same lay? *

* The cause of this phenomenon is assigned by Cardanum in his 8th book *De Subtilit.* Du Pleix, in his *Corps de Philosophie*, 1626, accounts for it also in nearly similar terms.

AMOR REGGE SENZA LEGGE.

So lov'd one—though untouch'd by thee, I feel,
Sense of thy touch through all my being steal;
Hear thy lov'd voice though silent thou may'st be,
See thy lov'd form though far away from me,
And all the radiance of thy Beauty's light,
Undimm'd to me by distance, shine no less
To me effulgent in my dream of night,
As doth by day its light of loveliness.

VETUS verbum est, similitudinem amoris auctorem esse.—PLATO, lib. 6, *De Leg.*

Experientiâ notum est arcanam quandam et occultam inter homines esse naturarum affinitatem aut odium, vel naturæ quâdam occultâ vi, vel astrorum influentiâ, vel, &c. Undè fit ut aliquis ab altero toto pectore abhorreat, in alterum verò propensus sit, nec rogatus causam dicere posset cur hunc amet, illum oderit, juxtâ illud Catulli,

Non amo te, Volusi, nec possum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.—

CYPR. *Tract. de Spons.* cap. 7.

QUID non cernit Amor! quid non vestigat Amator!—BEROALD.

LOVE looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste,
Wings and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguil'd.—SHAKESPEARE.

THINGS base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.—*Ibid.*

AH! I remember,—and how can I
But ever more remember well,—when first
Our flame began; when scarce we knew what 'twas,
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd,
And looked upon each other and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well:
And what was our disease we could not tell.—*Old Poet.*

O AMOR NAO TEM LEI.—LOVE KNOWS NO LAW.

— LOVE refines

The thoughts and heart enlarges : hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious : is the scale
By which to Heavenly love thou mayest ascend ;—
Not sunk in carnal pleasure : for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for Love was found.—MILTON.

OH ! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart ;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,—
Sparkled and spoke before us then.—MOORE.

WHY should I blush to own I love ?
'Tis love that rules the realms above !
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall ?
Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell ?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, but 'tis sweet to love.—KIRKE WHITE.

Gaudendum cum Gaudentibus.

Joying with the Joyful.

AS lute to lute in harmony attun'd,
Vibrates in glad response, as though it shar'd
The joy that thrills the other's waken'd strings ;
So let thine heart responsive share the joy
Thy neighbour feels ; nor look with sullen eye
On eyes where gladness beams. Learn thou from this
To share in the delight which others feel,
And banish rankling envy from thy breast
When fortune smiles upon thy fellow man.—
Learn thou from this no less his grief to soothe
With brotherly response ; for just as joy
Gains increase more from that which it bestows,
So grief grows less, lull'd by the soothing tones
Of Pity's kind compassion for her woes.

THOU wilt shew me the path of life : in thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy
right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—*Psalm xvi. 11.*

AMOR DE NINO, AGUA EN CESTO.

BOY'S LOVE IS WATER IN A SIEVE.

HERO who dwelt by Hellesponticke strand,
 Hang'd forth a Light, Leanders marke for land,
 Whither his helmelesse courſe he ſteerd and mov'd,
 Whilſt he made haſte to ſee his welbelov'd,
 Which when fierce Boreas with his bluſtring blaſt
 Put out, he in the floods away was caſt :
 So that his wedding light became a torch,
 To convoy him to Proſerpines blacke porch.
 Almighty God who made all by his power,
 Holds forth his Light from the Celeftiall Tower :
 That when the ſtormes our toſſed ſoules annoy,
 It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
 No ſtorme againſt this Light can ſo prevaile
 But Saints unto their wiſht-for Haven may faile.
 Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
 Which never ſhall convoy them to their grave.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



AMOR VERO NON DIVENTA MAI CANUTO.

TRUE LOVE NEVER GROWS OLD.

LOVE'S ANGER IS FRESH FUEL TO LOVE.

Ut lapsu graviore ruant.



A GRANDE MONTEE GRANDE DESCENTE.

A GRAN SUBIDA GRAN CAYDA.

THE HIGHER THE RISE THE GREATER
THE FALL.

A TORTOISE of ambitious mind,
Such as in Men we sometimes find,
Puff'd up with an egregious sense
Of his superior excellence,
Much wish'd to change his lot on earth
For one more fitted to his worth;

PRIDE IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL DESTRUCTION.

L'ORGUEIL VA DEVANT L'ECRASEMENT.

Which in his self-conceit he deem'd
 Too little by his friends esteem'd—
 Who neither would allow nor see
 That he possess'd a quality
 Of form or of intelligence,
 Beyond their Tortoise common-sense.
 Resolv'd ne'erless that they should be
 Convinc'd of his ability
 To shine where they could never hope
 With his superior mind to cope,
 Seeing one day the bird of Jove
 Alighting from the clouds above,
 He urged him with address polite
 To bear him upward in his flight;
 That he might prove to all his race
 How qualified he was to grace
 A station more exalted than
 Their weak intelligence could scan:
 Whence he at once might grasp and see
 The glories of the land and sea,
 And like the eagle gaze upon
 The full effulgence of the sun,
 High up above the puny ken
 Of grov'ling Tortoises and men.
 The Eagle, quick as thought to see
 The silly reptile's vanity,
 Express'd himself but too content
 To do what from the first he meant:
 And seizing him right quickly too,
 He upward with the Tortoise flew,
 So high into the realms of light,
 That almost losing sense and sight,
 The Tortoise wished himself again
 Below upon the humble plain.
 But upward still the Eagle rose,
 As though pretending to disclose

A MAN'S PRIDE SHALL BRING HIM LOW.

YET OFTEN TOGETHER.

A range of view as high and wide
 As most would satisfy his pride.
 Like silver threads the rivers flow,
 And wind some thousand feet below :—
 Like mole-hills are the mountains high—
 In vast expanse—Earth, sea and sky
 Lit up and flooded with a light
 Too glorious for the reptile's sight.
 Anon, the Eagle asks him how
 He liked the change from things below?
 If higher yet he'd like to rise?
 And felt at home? and how the skies
 Agreed with his abilities?
 When lo! the Tortoise, all dismay,
 Had not a single word to say!
 With scornful and derisive shriek,
 Unloosing then both claws and beak,
 The Eagle lets the Tortoise go;
 Which, dash'd upon the rocks below,
 Became his prey, and learnt—too late—
 The ills that on ambition wait.

E'en so at Courts, when men of low degree,
 And menial minds, are raised to rank and place;
 How oft are they uplifted but to be
 Cast down with greater force and more disgrace!

FORTUNA vitrea est ; tum, cùm splendet, frangitur.—P. SYRUS.

MAGNA ruunt, inflata crepant, tumefacta premuntur.—LUCAN. i. ver. 17.

———SUMMISQUE negatum

Stare diu, nimioque graves sub pondere lapsus.—SYRACH. iii. 12.

SEEKEST thou great things for thyself? seek them not : for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord.—*Jer.* xlv. 5.

GOD hath a special indignation at Pride, above all sins.—BISHOP HALL.

ONE chinke there was and not another way
 For Boreas, his fury to essay;
 So Hectors fatall gift Ajax confounded,
 And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
 Apollo so directed Paris dart
 To wound Achilles foote, and kill his heart.

Death lies in ambush like an enemy,
 And brasheth where our sconces weakeft be.
 Whether an icecle or drop of water,
 Or gnat, or Londons Scholler-killing letter.
 A thoufand trickes we see of cunning death;
 He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



UNMERITED HONOURS NEVER WEAR WELL.

PRIDE AND SWEETNESS TAK MEIKLE UPHAUDING.

TO STAND UPRIGHT.

REPROVE OTHERS, BUT CORRECT THYSELF.

El corcobado ne vee su corcoba, y vee la de su compañon.



THE HUNCHBACK SEES NOT HIS OWN HUMP, BUT HE
SEES HIS NEIGHBOUR'S.

WITH rare exception, almost ev'ry one
Is wondrous apt his Neighbour's faults to see;
And yet, however evident his own,
To them he's blind—or thinks that only he
From imperfection and from fault is free.

EVERY MAN HATH A FOOL IN HIS SLEEVE.

REBUKES OUGHT NOT TO HAVE

A GRAIN MORE SALT THAN SUGAR.

A Hunchback here, brimfull of self-conceit,
 Derides a fellow-Hunchback passing by;
 And points to him, that ev'ry one they meet
 May ridicule the man's deformity.
 Yet he himself; the Jeerer, what is he?—
 A crooked Dwarf, mis-shap'd from head to toe,
 With bos behind of such enormity,
 As though a mountain on his back did grow!
 And what is Man, that he would censor be
 Of that which Nature gave his fellow-man!
 In what deriving from ourselves, are we
 In aught entitled other men to scan?
 Shall we assume in figures of our own
 To reckon up another man's account!
 And carp at him for flaws and faults alone,
 When our own ledger shews no small amount!
 To ev'ry man, we know to indicate
 Wherein he fails—and—strange sagacity!
 To make the most unerring estimate
 Of what he is—and what he ought to be!
 But on himself, who turns his eye? not one!
 And though so keen our neighbour's humps to see,
 We're blind to that upon our back alone,
 E'en though that hump by far the greater be!
 It was not thus, my friends, that we were taught
 That practice sweet of Love and Charity,
 By which the Man-God our Redemption bought,
 In pity for our mortal frailty!
 Look not in scorn upon thy brother's shape,
 If nature chose to vary it from thine;
 For though it may resemble more the Ape,
 It may have Light within far more divine!
 Turn thine eyes inward on thine heart, and see
 What flaws are there, what seething germs of ill
 That need thy care, lest their malignity
 Shall render thee one day more hideous still.

Who ridicules his neighbour's frailty,
Scoffs at his own in more or less degree:
Much wiser he who others' lets alone
And tries his talent to correct his own.

AND why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Thou Hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.—*Matt.* vii. 3, 5.

QUI d' autrui parler voudra,
Regarde soy; et il taira.

No ay quien sus faltas entienda,
Como las de su vecino.

Il n'y a personne qui reconnoit ses fautes,
Comme celles de son voisin.

Dal biasima altrui, che se stesso condanna.

Ziehe Dich selber bei der Nase.

Een ander heeft altyt de schult,
Geen mensch en siet syn eygen bult.

CRIMINA qui cernunt aliorum, nec sua cernunt,
Hi sapiunt aliis, desipiuntque sibi.—OWENUS.

THERE are those who can see the faults of others, but who cannot discern their own.—These people are wise for others, and fools to themselves.

EST proprium stultitiæ, aliorum vitia cernere; oblivisci suorum.—CICERO.

NIHIL turpius est convitio quod in auctorem recidit.—PLUTARCH.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguided mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.

POPE.

FOLLY IS PRIME COUNSELLOR.

PRESUMPTION FIRST BLINDS A MAN,

AND THEN SETS HIM RUNNING.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
 Thinking that no man shall perceive it shine.
 But all in vaine, flame will it felse bewray,
 And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
 Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
 Hoping that nothing shall the same reveale,
 He hides the torches of the hellish rout,
 Which will at length with violence burst out :
 Who doth conceive Orestes' impious thought,
 It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
 Dissemble what thou can't, that inward sparke
 Will burst forth into Light, though now its darke.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

LES TONNEAUX VIDES SONT CEUX

QUI FONT LE PLUS DE BRUIT.



SELF-CONCEIT PRECLUDES IMPROVEMENT.

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO A WILLING MIND.

Non intrandum, aut penetrandum.



ENTER NOT, OR PASS THROUGH.

AS with the Web spun by the Spider's care,
T'entrap the flies and gnats which fill the air,
So with th' entangling nets by Venus laid
T'ensnare the hearts of heedless youth and maid :—
For in the Love net, as the Spider's too,
The gnat is taken, but the Bee breaks through.

~~~~~ VOLONTE REND TOUT POSSIBLE. ~~~~~

DIE'T SPEL NIET KAN, DIE BLYFT'ER VAN.

WHO KNOWS NOT THE GAME, LET HIM NOT PLAY.



Hence, young folks, learn thro' Venus' nets to break,  
Nor let their flimsy meshes captive take  
Both heart and mind: Take pattern by the Bee:—  
Like him resist the loss of liberty;  
Break boldly through; but if the strength you lack,  
Take my advice, and cleverly turn back.

*Qui trop embrasse, peu estreint.*

THE Spider which too widely spreads his net  
Before a door, or window's open space;  
Incurs more risk his livelihood to get  
Than one which chooses a more humble place.  
A Horse-fly now, and now a bird flies through,  
Making vast rents, through which the flies make way;  
And he, poor fool, has little else to do  
Than mend his net, and fast throughout the day.  
He who from failure would secure disgrace,  
Must never all at once too much embrace:  
Who seek to compass least, and least aspire,  
Achieve most oft the things which they desire.

Hoc unum moneo, si quid modò creditur arti,  
Aut nunquàm tentes, aut perfice.—OVID. *de Art.* 1.

LE vice est de n'en pas sortir; non pas d'y entrer.

MICH. MONTAIGNE, *Essais*, lib. iii. cap. 5.

IN vulnus majora patent.  
Forti et fideli nihil difficile.  
Possunt, quia posse videntur.—VIRGIL.

AUDACES fortuna juvat.  
Camelus desiderans cornua etiam aures perdidit.  
Qui totum vult, totum perdit.—PUBL. SYRUS.

INTRA fortunam quisque debet manere suam.—OVID.

MIEUX reculer que mal assaillir.

*Pervia virtuti, sed vilibus in via.*

AND that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.—2 Timothy ii. 26.

As in the mesh spread by the Spider's skill,  
The weaker flies and gnats alone are caught,  
While insects more robust of wing and will,  
Break boldly through, nor heed his toils in aught :  
What to the virtuous heart shall bar the way,  
Or hold it from the chosen path of good ?—  
Since this World's snares are but as frail a stay,  
And as the Spider's easily withstood,  
When heart and mind with one accord unite  
To force through ev'ry stop the road to Right.

Hold on thy course to Virtue, nor refrain ;  
The wind the chaff disperses, not the grain.

HIS own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.—*Proverbs* v. 22.

DIABOLUS non invalesceret contra nos, nisi viros ex vitiis nostris præberemus, et locum ei dominandi nobis peccato faceremus : undè nolite locum dare diabolo.

AUGUST. *Hom.* 3.

CUORE forte  
Rompe cattiva sorte.  
Vaine peur certaine misère.  
Een moedig hert  
Vermint de smert.  
Beter is't te rug gegaen  
Als een quaden sprong gedaen.

HE that begins without reason, hath reason enough to leave off, by perceiving he had no reason to begin.—J. TAYLOR, vol. xii. p. 28.

QUI TOUT CONVOITE, TOUT PERD.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

**I** SHINED brightly whilst I stood upright,  
 And firmly seated gave a perfect light ;  
 But after that mischance did me surprise,  
 I am cast downe and know not how to rise.  
 Helpe, helpe, who sees my case, now succour me,  
 So, as before, my Light shall glorious be.

A man may fall, this brittle life of ours  
 Is subject to more chances than to houres :  
 Or fortune false, or errours slippery fall  
 Suffers us not, constant to proove at all :  
 Happy is he who falling findes a man,  
 Much like a God, supporting what he can.  
 By hurt he learning gaines, he wiser growes,  
 And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



PRUDENCE WILL THRIVE WHERE GENIUS WILL STARVE.

WE READILY BELIEVE WHAT WE WISH.

BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING.

LIGHT GAYNES MAKE HEAVYE PURSES.

*Ein klein henn leget alle tag, da ein Strauss im iahr nur eins.*



LITTLE WINNING MAKES A HEAVY PURSE.

LITTLE AND OFTEN FILLS THE PURSE.

A HEN LAYS EVERY DAY, BUT AN OSTRICH ONLY  
ONCE A YEAR.

**H**EAR now what has befallen me ; I'm nicely taken in !  
All through my Wife ! who thought at once a mine of wealth to win :  
A Dealer shew'd this Ostrich and its egg to her one day,  
And making her believe 'twas such a wondrous bird to lay ;  
I bought it at her bidding—brought it home, and, like her, thought  
A Bird that lay such eggs as that, could not be dearly bought.

A PASSO A PASSO SE VA LONTANA.

Hens' eggs (thought I), however good, were at the best but small,  
 And, as compar'd to Ostrich eggs, were of no size at all.  
 Off such an egg as that, why, two could make a dinner quite,  
 'Twas big enough to satisfy a ploughman's appetite.  
 Such was my mind: but very soon I'd reason to regret  
 I'd parted with my money, or an Ostrich ever met.  
 It eat! Oh! such a bird to eat as that I never saw!  
 No end of food and things could satisfy its hungry maw;  
 But Eggs! not one it laid! though all the while I did my best  
 With hay and straw and feathers soft to make the bird a nest.  
 When, after waiting long,—'twas just about the month of May—  
 I found one egg! Eh! now, thought I, it has begun to lay!  
 But all my joy was very short, for from that time till now,  
 It hasn't laid another egg, nor will it any how.  
 Yet all this while our Hens, as is with Hens the usual way,  
 They've always laid at intervals, and often ev'ry day.  
 At length, all patience losing, and my temper put about,  
 I went up to the Ostrich, and I call'd to him; Turn out!  
 Away with you, you ravenous brute, you shall no longer stay!  
 You're big enough, and eat enough, and yet no eggs you lay.  
 I see how 'tis with you, you're all appearance, nothing more;  
 In buying you I've learnt what I ought well to have known before:  
 The biggest things are not the best, the brightest often dross;  
 And when we grasp at profit most, we oft get greater loss.

**A** PIUMA à piuma se pela l'oca.  
 A gotta à gotta il mar si secherebbe.

VON kleinen fischlin werden die hecht gross.

PEU à peu file la vieille sa quenouille.

QUI s'agite, s'enrichit.

LITTLE pot, soon hot.

IL bue s'è fatto grande, e la stalla piccola.  
 The ox fattens in a little stall.

EN petite maison Dieu a grand part.



GREAT PROMISERS, BAD PAYMASTERS.

FORTUNAM qui avidè vorare pergit,  
Hanc tandem male concoquat necesse est.

CELUI qui méprise les petites choses, tombera petit à petit.—*Syrach. xxix. 1.*

LE peu est suffisant à l'homme bien appris.—*Ib. xxx. 21.*

KLEVN visje, soet visje.

MAJORA perdes, parva ni servaveris.  
Who neglects the little, loses the greater.

ADDE parum parvo, tandem fit magnus acervus.  
Gutta cavat lapidem.—*OVID.*

WER keinen Pfennig achtet,  
Der auch nimmer eines Gulden Herre.

ALBAXANSE los adarves,  
Y alcanse los muladeres.

MET veel schlagen wort de Stockvisch murw.

GRANO á grano hinche la gallina el papo.  
Grain à grain  
Amasse la fourmy son pain.

DOET by een kleyntje diekmael wat,  
Soo wort'et noch een groote shat.

DIIS proximus est, quicunque eget paucissimus.

---

*Tandem fit Surculus Arbor.*

HOW small soe'er your Profit be,  
Despise it not, but learn to know,  
That almost ev'ry thing you see  
From small at first to large did grow :  
Do but a little oft, and you  
Will find that little grow apace ;  
The Penny to the Pound accrue,  
And "slow and sure oft win the race."

THE BIGGEST HORSES ARE NOT THE BEST TRAVELLERS.

THAT LITTLE WHICH IS GOOD FILLS THE TRENCHER.

THE Smith the Steele, so tempers in the fire,  
 As that it may indure flints stroke and ire;  
 The flint and steel, 'gainst others while they strive,  
 Give sparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;  
 Untill the sulphure to the match gives flame,  
 Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the same;  
 The candle thus lighted proper use hath none:  
 Thus all ordained is for man alone.

Dame Nature so commandeth ev'ry thing  
 In his owne kind to serve his Lord and King;  
 Things of meere being, and which doe not live,  
 As Elements, food to the living give;  
 The living herbs doe beasts with sense maintaine,  
 And these, to feede us, ev'ry houre are flaine:  
 So every thing is for the use of man,  
 To God should he not doe then, what he can?

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



ASSIDUITY OVERCOMES ALL DIFFICULTY.

PATIENCE AND APPLICATION WILL CARRY US THROUGH.

WHO WINS THE EYES WINS ALL.

*Verwonnen Oog, begonnen Min.*



THE EYE IS BLIND IF THE MIND IS ABSENT.

CIECO E L'OCCHIO, SE L'ANIMO E DISTRATTO.

WHEN THE EYES ARE WON, LOVE IS BEGUN.

**T** WAS said of Old,—and, like most sayings too,  
It hath been proven by experience true,  
That e'en despite his fierce majestic might,  
“Who wins the Lion’s eyes, subdues him” quite.  
Herein is well explain’d and typified  
Another truth that cannot be denied :

œIL GAGNE, CORPS PERDU.

The eye of Man once taken by the grace  
And 'witching beauty of a Maiden's face,  
However stern his nature hitherto,  
Assumes a softness it before ne'er knew.  
Ah! then how chang'd the cold imperious look  
Which scarce the gaze of other eyes could brook!  
How pliant then the sternly moulded mind  
Of Sage and Soldier, as of rugged hind!  
Each then alike, as though himself despite,  
Submits his ruder to the gentler might;  
And, Strength to Softness through the eyes betray'd,  
The Lion gentle as the Lamb is made.

NON benè conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas et Amor.—OVID, *Metam.* 3.

QUISQUIS amat, servit; sequitur captivus amatam,  
Fert domitâ cervice jugum, fert dulcia tergo  
Verbera, fert stimulos, trahit et bovis instar aratrum.—MANTUAN.

PAR des yeux les deux fenestres,  
Dards d'Amour deviennent maîtres.

PRIMI, in omnibus præliis, oculi vincuntur.—TACIT. *de Morib. Germ.*

CLAMOR repentinus aliquis, aut imago, aut aspectus fugâ sæpè exercitum implevit:  
et hæc talia magis, quàm gladius, consternant hostem, videbisque militem vanis et  
inanibus magis, quàm justis formidinis causis moveri.—LIPS. *Doct. Civil.* lib. v. cap. 16.

NIHIL tam leve est, quod non magnæ interdum rei momentum faciat.

LES Femmes peuvent tout, parce qu'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent  
tous.

——— I HAVE mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions,  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,  
In Angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth.—SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY with a bloodless conquest finds  
A welcome sov'raignty in rudest minds.—WALLER.

THE EYES BELIEVE THEMSELVES ;

—WHOSE radiant look strikes every gazing eye  
Stark blind, and keeps th'amaz'd beholder under  
The stupid tyranny of Love and wonder.—*Old Poet.*

THEN only hear her Eyes ;  
Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay, more, command :  
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary pow'r.—*DRYDEN.*

WHO knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,  
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.—*ROCH.*

THE Bloom of op'ning Flowers, unsully'd Beauty,  
Softest and sweetest Innocence she wears ;  
And looks like Nature in the World's first spring.—*ROWE.*

*Nequitiae Duces, Oculi.*

THE light of the Body is the Eye : therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light ; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the Light which is in thee be not darkness.—*Luke xi. 34, 35.*

BUT if thine Eye be evil, thy whole Body shall be full of Darkness. If therefore the Light that is in thee be Darkness, how great is that Darkness !—*Matt. vi. 23.*

*Love in the Godhead.*

FOR Love it was, that first created Light,  
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night  
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new Grace  
On Things, dispos'd of to their proper Place ;  
Some to rest here, and some to shine Above :  
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.—*WALL.*

LOVE is that Passion, which refines the Soul ;  
First made Men Heroes, and those Heroes Gods ;  
Its genial fires inform the sluggish Mass ;  
The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm.  
Give Wit to Fools, and Manners to the Clown :  
The rest of Life is an ignoble Calm ;  
The Soul, unmov'd by Love's inspiring breath,  
Like lazy Waters, stagnates and corrupts.—*HIC. Gen. Con.*

THE EARS, OTHER PEOPLE.



MY splendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,  
 Doth cheere the house, and darkenesse chase away;  
 To thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as fable night,  
 It's thy default, not mine; thou lak'st thy sight.  
 The Moule cannot Hyperions glory see;  
 Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.  
 Christ is the glory of that light from hie,  
 Which can the darkeſt Chaos full deſcry;  
 And yet we ſee him not untill our eyes  
 He open, which thickeſt darkeneſſe doth ſurpriſe;  
 Then doth his light unto himſelfe reflect  
 From us as mirrours, with a new aſpect.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

OJOS QUE NO VEEN,

CORACON NO QUEBRANTAN.



THE HEART RUES NOT.

IT IS NOT LAWFUL TO DO EVIL

*Snijt men sijn Neus af men scheut sijn Aensicht.*



WHO CUTS OFF HIS NOSE SPITES HIS OWN FACE.

**d**OME here, all Friends, who know, and would  
Advise me for the best;—  
I've got a Nose, the sight and thought  
Of which destroys my rest.  
A Nose, alas! with wens and wheals  
Surcharged and cover'd o'er;  
A huge unfightly Nose, such as  
No man e'er had before.

~ THAT GOOD MAY COME. ~

GOOD INTENTIONS CAN NEVER JUSTIFY EVIL ACTIONS.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, AND HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE.

It looks juſt like a bald-coot's noſe,  
 It's ſcarlet-red and blue,  
 And juſt as if a younger lot  
 Of Noſes on it grew.  
 Oh, ſuch a Noſe! a ſnout ſo ſtrange!  
 That when I'm in the ſtreet,  
 Each looks at it ſurpris'd, and all  
 The children that I meet  
 Point after me and ſay, "Oh! what  
 A Noſe that man has got!  
 Who ever ſaw the like of that?  
 'Tis like a Porter's knot!"  
 And in forſooth, my Noſe is like  
 An Oſtrich-egg in ſize,  
 'Tis like a huge black-pudding that  
 Stands out between my eyes.  
 At ſight of it, myſelf, ſometimes  
 I'm terrified, nor know  
 What with it I'm to do, or if  
 Yet larger it may grow.  
 A Noſe!—but there, I've ſaid enough;  
 I cannot longer bear  
 So hideous a thing as this  
 Upon my face to wear.  
 I often think I'll cut it off!—  
 And why not?—why delay  
 To do what one hears ſpeak of in  
 The Proverb ev'ry day?  
 But hold! are Noſes after all  
 No uſe upon the face?  
 Although their ſhape and ſize be not  
 Conſiſtent quite with grace?  
 If cut it off I do—Why what  
 An awful gap there'll be!  
 Without a Noſe, my face will then  
 Be horrible to ſee!  
 Eh! friend, put by thy knife, nor liſt  
 A ſuicidal hand  
 Againſt thyſelf! for as thou art,  
 'Tis meet to underſtand,  
 Lies neither in thy will nor right

To mar, nor to upbraid;  
 Bow meekly rather to His Will  
 Who thine affliction laid!  
 Seek not with violence to do  
 What patience may effect;  
 By gentle means 'tis easier oft  
 To heal and to correct.  
 Try these, my friend, they may avail,  
 But should they not succeed,  
 Spare thine own flesh, nor mar thy face  
 By such ungodly deed.  
 Wouldst further know, my friends, some rule  
 Of conduct to deduce  
 From this my theme? Read on—my aim  
 Is but to be of use.  
 Herefrom learn also to respect  
 The failings of thy friend,—  
 To him who to thy blood belongs,  
 Thine helping hand extend:  
 When husband or the wife have left  
 Their duty's path awhile—  
 A mother, brother, sister err'd,  
 Strive thou to reconcile.  
 Forfake thy kindred not that they  
 Have fall'n their crosses beneath;  
 The strength has not been giv'n to all  
 To gain the Victor's wreath:  
 Though thou their errors mayest hate,  
 Let judgment be deferr'd;  
 Hate thou not them, but pity more  
 That they should so have err'd.  
 Drag not their faults into the light,  
 But kindly draw the veil,  
 As teaches Love, that other eyes  
 May see not where they fail.  
 Be the Physician thou, and strive  
 All that thou canst to cure;  
 Canst thou not heal, then learn, and teach  
 How others may endure.  
 The suffering limb by force is not made whole,  
 Nor heals Reproof the gangrene of the soul.

A TOUT PECHÉ MISERICORDIE

PREFEREZ MISERICORDIE A JUSTICE.

**M**Y Light is pleafant, when the night doth gloome,  
 And pitchy darkenefse lines the mourning roome;  
 Whither thou lifts Cleanthes fmoake to blow,  
 Or if the Matron like to twift her tow.  
 When Phœbus fetteth, I watch centenall  
 Untill he from my ftation doth me call.

Spare me, lend not my light to Titans ray;  
 So fhalt th' enjoy me when there is no day.  
 If thy eftate be meane, husband it well,  
 And it Attalick wealth fhall parallell.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



HE THAT FOLLOWETH MERCY FINDETH LIFE.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.



DRINK LITTLE THAT YE MAY DRINK LANG.

*Noch vinnigh Slaen, noch harden Dwanck,  
En brengt den Esel tot den Drank.*



THOUGH TAKEN TO THE WATER'S BRINK,  
NO BLOWS CAN FORCE THE HORSE TO DRINK.

**I**N vain with cheering words I've tried,  
And ev'ry means that I can think  
Of oaths, and blows, and kicks beside  
To get this plaguey beast to drink!  
I've led him by the bridle thrice,  
And coax'd and pull'd, and coax'd again,

WHEN THE WINE IS IN, THE WIT IS OUT.

DRINK WASHES OFF THE DAUB AND DISCOVERS THE MAN.

DRINKING KINDNESS IS DRUNKEN FRIENDSHIP.

But he wont drink at any price,  
 And blows and words alike are vain.  
 Yet when I turn the matter o'er,  
 I really think, myself despite,  
 That I in sense am wanting more.  
 And of the two the Horse is right!  
 Why, after all, should I feel fore  
 And lose my temper in this way?  
 The beast p'rhaps drank enough before,  
 And seldom drinks three times a day;  
 That's why he had no will thereto,  
 Nor would approach the water's brink:  
 But how could I expect him to?  
 If he'd nor thirst nor need of drink!  
 And if the brute himself but had  
 The pow'r of speech, assuredly,  
 Brute as he is, he'd call me mad,  
 And much the greater fool than he!  
 Hence it is plain that even Man,  
 So bent each beast with scorn to treat,  
 May learn from them more wisdom than  
 In his own fellow oft he'll meet!  
 For lo! no force can bring the beast  
 To drink, if not his thirst to flake,  
 While Man, creation's lord at least,  
 Will drink all day for drinking's sake!  
 The saying is well known and true,  
 That when a beast has drank his need,  
 E'en though a King himself might sue,  
 He'll drink no more, not he, indeed!  
 Fie! Man!—fie! you, the lord of Mind!  
 Who, sway'd by senseless appetite,  
 In needless drink enjoyment find,  
 'Gainst nature, reason, and 'gainst right!  
 Your thirst once quench'd, desist, nor let  
 The taunts of fools, nor warmth of friends  
 Prevail to make you once forget  
 The bound where Reason's empire ends.

Are you your Senses', Passions' slave,  
 More than the humble brute a-field?  
 Or in the pow'r of Mind you have,  
 Must it before his Instinct yield!  
 What would the people say to see  
 Good wine into the Kennel cast?  
 And yet, the Drunkard, is not he  
 A human Kennel to the last?  
 Why good drink down the Sewers throw?  
 Worse than the brute art thou, Man-fool!  
 Wouldst thou a nobler duty know,  
 Betake thee to the Horse to school.  
 If't's more than Horses' work to think;  
 In one thing yet the Horse stands first,  
 It's more than Horses' work to drink  
 Without the need or sense of thirst.

IL n'est manger, qu'à bonne faim.

A COULONS souls cerises amères.

JAMAIS homme sage on vit  
 Buveur de vin sans appétit.

VIN dentro, sermo fuori.

Wen Wein eingeget, da gehet wiss auss.

NE monstre pas ta vaillance à bien boire : car le vin a faict périr plusieurs.

SYRACH. xxxi. 29.

WINE measurably drunk, and in reason, bringeth gladness of heart and cheerfulness of the mind; but wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind—diminishes strength, and maketh wounds.—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxi. 28, 30.

THE first glass for thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, and the fourth for madness.—ANACHARSIS.

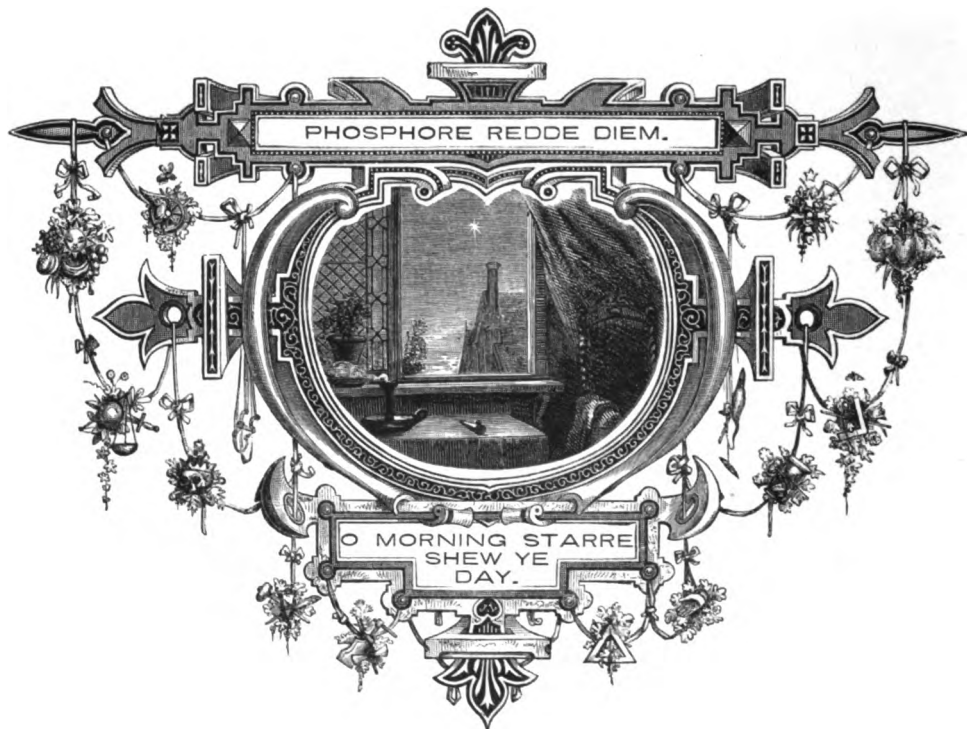
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
 So every scope by the immoderate use  
 Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue  
 (Like rats that raven down their proper bane)  
 A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

SHAKESP. *Measure for Measure*.

WHEN Phœbus fets in the Hesperian streames,  
 And Western shores blush with his drowned beames ;  
 Then I as Phœbus second must give Light,  
 And act my part in darkeness of the night :  
 But now my Light complains that I decay,  
 And into greasie teares doe melt away ;  
 So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame  
 Phœbus, and Phosphor shew thy morning beame.

When Christ the Sonne of righteoufnesse did goe  
 Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below,  
 Then he his holy servants did command,  
 Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand ;  
 But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,  
 And now are ready to goe off the stage,  
 Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry ;  
 O come thou Sonne of righteoufnesse, we die.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



DRUNKENNESS TURNS A MAN OUT OF HIMSELF,

AND LEAVES A BEAST IN HIS ROOM.

NIET UYT LUST, MAER OM TE LEVEN.



WHO RUNS FAST CANNOT RUN LONG.

*Nimia libertas fit servitus.*



NE QUID NIMIS.

NOTHING IN EXCESS.

EXCESS OF LIBERTY LEADS TO SERVITUDE.

UNTIL this hapless moment I was free,  
And went where'er my will or fancy led ;  
But now oh ! where—where is that liberty  
So long my boast ? alas ! for ever fled.  
Ah ! woe is me that ever I was lur'd  
By aught so poor and tasteless as this rind,  
To enter here, before I was assur'd  
Some means of exit and escape to find.

EXTREMES ARE EVIL.



Till now without restraint I ran about,  
 Each place alike, a house secure for me ;  
 I'd holes in plenty to go in and out,  
 Nor fear'd our race's direst enemy.  
 Now here, now there, the barn, the granary,  
 The kitchen, larder, parlour, and the store  
 Were mine to roam in full security,  
 And feast my fill :—what could I wish for more?  
 Fool that I was, thus to be captive made !  
 I tremble at the doom that waits me now ;  
 Yet whom have I to blame or to upbraid ?  
 Myself alone ; and to my fate I bow,  
 Convinc'd too late, that he is caught at last,  
 Who runs about too much and lives too fast.

IMBERBIS juvenis, tandem custode remoto ;  
 Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,  
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
 Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.

MINIMUM debet libere, cui nimium licet.—PLUTARCH. *de Educat.* lib. in fin.

Who most would act according to his will,  
 Requires most to be restrain'd from ill.

Fit spolians spoliū.

*The Spoiler is made Spoil.*

ONE summer eve, beneath the greenwood shade,  
 I found young Phillis sitting fast asleep.  
 With noiseless step before th' unconscious maid,  
 Joying to catch her in that slumber deep,  
 I stood and gazed ; as though to feast my sight  
 On ev'ry feature of her charming face :  
 And though her eye-lids veil'd from me their light,  
 Her rosy mouth, with such bewitching grace,  
 Seem'd as it were to proffer me the kiss  
 So oft denied me with a smart rebuke ;

That turning Thief at once, I stole the bliss ;  
 But in that theft, lost more than what I took.  
 So, gentle reader, in the Love-chase too,  
 As with the mouse entrapp'd for love of bacon ;  
 We're often made our very luck to rue,  
 Just when the thing most wished for has been taken.  
 I stole from her a kiss, but Phillis, she  
 At once stole heart and peace of mind from me ;  
 The mouse, poor thing, lost life with liberty ;  
 But without Phillis, what were life to me ?  
 Oh ! Love, thy pow'r surpasses all belief—  
 That Phillis sleeping, thus should steal the Thief !

Who poaching goes on Love's domain,  
 Oft loses where he thought to gain :  
 And when least thinking such may be,  
 To his surprise doth oftentimes see,  
 Just like the mouse above pourtray'd,  
 Himself ensnar'd, and captive made.

— Carpitque et carpitur unà,  
 Suppliciumque sui est.—OVID.

Pœna comes Sceleris.

*Punishment is the companion of Crime.*

JUST as the greedy rat has seiz'd the bacon,  
 Down falls the trap, and lo ! the thief is taken,  
 The prey though seized, of what avail to him ?  
 That blow struck terror into every limb !  
 'Tis not enough to say : the evil deed  
 Brings its requital as the doer's meed :  
 The culprit from the moment of his crime,  
 Stung by his conscience through each hour of time,  
 Though none pursue, in each a captor sees,  
 Starts at each sound that's borne upon the breeze,  
 And where none other aught of terror deems,  
 Quails 'fore the hangman of his nightly dreams.

THE wicked flee when no man pursueth.—*Prov. xxviii. 1.*

OH coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh—  
 What do I fear ?—Myself ?—SHAKESPEARE.

WHICH way I move is Hell ; myself am hell.—MILTON.

TREASURES OF WICKEDNESS PROFIT NOTHING.

**W**HEN as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from Troy,  
 And Pallas stormy wrath did them annoy;  
 Then Nauplius fought revenge upon the Greekes,  
 And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;  
 The Greekes deceived did the rockes mistake,  
 And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.  
 Whilst we unto our wisht-for Country goe,  
 This lifes fierce billowes tosse us to and fro;  
 Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,  
 And Siren-like doe seeke us to ensnare:  
 A joyfull, quiet haven they doe pretend;  
 But oft they drave us to a dolefull end:  
 If thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,  
 And from shipwracking Siren pleasure fly.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



LEARN TO RESTRAIN THINE HAND, AND TO CURB THINE ANGER.

HE WHO IS BORN A FOOL IS NEVER CURED.

*A Barbe de Fol apprend à raire.*



WHO WOULD LEARN TO SHAVE WELL, SHOULD  
FIRST PRACTISE ON A FOOL'S BEARD.

THE Proverb is of antient date,  
That he who well would learn to shave,  
His fullest wish to consummate,  
Should on a Fool's beard practice have.  
As with each phraze of antient lore,  
The sense implied hath ta'en its rise

A WISE LOOK MAY SECURE A FOOL IF HE TALK NOT.

From long experience gone before,  
 That Fools to deal with maketh wife.  
 For Fools, of all men most precise  
 In things of import least, e'er gave  
 The widest scope for practice nice  
 Of Patience and of Virtues grave.  
 In shaving Fools the barber'll find  
 Those Virtues to the utmost tried,  
 And howsoever to please inclined,  
 Both skill and patience misapplied.  
 Of head and beard each separate hair  
 Must have the same attention paid,  
 Must be arranged with nicest care,  
 And just as Fool will have it laid:  
 At ev'ry clip he says, "Take heed!"—  
 And in the looking-glass must view  
 If all is done as he decreed,  
 And what the Barber next must do:  
 This lock is now somewhat too long,  
 And this too short—now here, now there,  
 There something ails, a curl lies wrong  
 In beard or whisker, or somewhere.  
 On this side now there needs anew  
 Just—just a little snipp'd away,—  
 "So! let me look! yes! that will do—  
 But here! this turn!—looks well? nay! nay!  
 No moustache ever look'd well so,  
 Like that indeed it cannot stay!"  
 And all the Barber strives to do  
 Is vain as all he tries to say:  
 Yet! just this place behind the ear?  
 Aye! Fool! that's just the place that ail'd thee!  
 From what we've seen 'tis very clear  
 It was the brains from first that fail'd thee!  
 Who wants now this, now that, nor knows  
 What 'tis he needs, doth clearly show it:  
 For lacking brains, he feels and shows  
 He wants within the means to know it.

THERE IS NO CONCLUSION.



BY moeyelicke heeren  
Is veel te leeren.

'T moet een wijse hant sijn, die een sotten Kop wel scheren sal.  
It must be a wise hand to cut the hair of a Fool's head.

WAT let, dat leert.  
Quæ nocent, docent.

Παθήματα, μαθήματα.

VEXATIO dat intellectum.

HOMINE imperito nil quidquàm est injustius, qui, nisi quod ipse facit nihil rectum putat.—TERENT. *Adelph.*

MEN heeft groote kunst van doen  
Om de narren te voldoen.

*All those who appear Fools, are so, and no less, half of those who do not appear to be so.*

FOLLY has a wide dominion in the World ; and if there be some little Wisdom, it is pure Folly compared with the Wisdom of the Most High. But the greatest Fool is he, who does not believe that he is so, and who imputes Foolishness to every body else. To be Wise, it is not sufficient to appear so to one's self. He is Wisest who does not think that he is Wise ; and he who does not perceive that others see, does not see himself. How full soever the World be of Fools, there is no person who thinks himself one, nor even, who suspects himself of folly.—GRACIAN.

THERE are People (in every class of Society) who entertain a high opinion of themselves, but those more particularly, who are the least worthy. Each considers himself the centre of the Universe, and destined for an exalted position. Hope undertakes rashly, and Experience renders it no assistance. Vain imagination finds an executioner in Reality, who undeceives it. Every one should know his proper sphere of action, and his fittest condition. Reality would then be the regulator of Self-Opinion.—*Idem.*

FORTUNE takes care that Fools should still be seen :  
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost spoke  
Of all her wheel. Fools are the daily work  
Of nature, her Vocation : If she form  
A Man, she loses by't ; 'tis too expensive ;  
'Twould make ten Fools : A Man's a Prodigy.

DRYDEN, *Ædip.*

UN Sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être bon.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

**M**UCH like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,  
 When prifon-like the caske doth it conteine;  
 Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,  
 You will it find more plenteous and more fine;  
 But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,  
 Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds:  
 Such like the shining of a candle we see,  
 Which kindled once burnes not still equally;  
 At first it giv's greater and clearer light,  
 And is more pleasant both to smell and sight;  
 But when it comes to snuffe and even spent,  
 It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.

The candle and wine's our life, which, in its prime,  
 Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time;  
 But when with mustie age our life decays,  
 Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



HAS A FOOL FOR HIS MASTER.

HE THAT WILL MEDDLE WITH ALL THINGS

MAY GO SHOE THE GOSLINGS.

ONE DOTH THE SCATH, ANOTHER HATH THE HARM.

*Wat de seuge doet, moeten de biggen ontgelden.*



WHAT THE SOW DOES, THE LITTLE PIGS MUST  
PAY FOR.

**W**HEN the old Sow has play'd her pranks,  
And upset tubs and pails around her,  
Out comes the Master in a rage,  
With broom in hand, resolv'd to pound her :

INNOCENCE IS NO PROTECTION.

But she, well vers'd in all his oaths,  
And in their meaning full confiding,  
Runs off and leaves her pigs behind  
To bear the blame and get the hiding.  
And they, poor pigs, though innocent  
Of all the harm, despite their squeaking,  
Get beat all round and made to smart  
For all the big Sow has been breaking.

'Tis thus we often see in life,  
The great misdoers save their bacon,  
While blame and punishment alike  
Fall on the smaller folks when taken :  
How Kings and Statesmen for their faults  
Get scatheless off, nor fear vexation,  
While all the ills which they have wrought  
Are felt and paid for by the nation.

CE que la truie forfait, les porceaux souffrent.

QUIDQUID delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.—HORACE i. *Epist.* 2.

DAT veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbas.—JUVEN. *Sat.* 2.

Πολλάκι καὶ ξύμπασα πόλις κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαύρει.

*Id est,*

SÆPE universa civitas viri mali scelera luit.

IL peccato del Signore souvente fa piangere il vassallo.  
Un fa il peccato, l'altro la penitenza.

DER Herrn sünd, der bauren büß.

WANNEER een Prinz springt uyt den bant,  
Daerom lijdt dickmael al het lant.

MANCHER muss entgelten des er nie genossen hat.

QUID agimus hoc casu? feramus. Nam quemadmodum sterilitatem, aut nimios imbres, aut cætera naturæ mala; ita luxum, ambitionem et avaritiam dominantium habeamus.

SICHEM rapuit, et agricola plectitur.—*Arabian Adage. Vid. RICHT. Axiom. Econ. 24, 25.*

[*The same in another sense.*]

IT'S GOOD FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

*The Reader will imagine a picture, representing a Fisher disturbing the water with a long pole, and driving the fish towards the net.*

YOU wish to know what I'm about ?

My bus'ness is soon told :

I'm going to fish upon a plan

Advis'd from time of old.

In waters that are most disturb'd,

Most fish are caught, they say ;

But when the water's calm and clear

The fish all swim away :

For then too cautiously they scan

The meshes of the net,

Or be your bait however good,

No bite from them you get.

But quite another sport it is

If you disturb the stream ;

The troubled water then gets thick,

And roach, perch, eels and bream

Are taken then alike at once,

Large fish as well as small,

All caught together in the net ;—

That's what I fishing call !

Need I say more ? He who knows not

To make a stir in this World's stream,

Will but a sorry Fisher prove,

Nor minnows catch, much less a bream.

Stir, Fisher, stir ! Stillness does harm ;

It little profits when the water's calm.

—ET multis utile bellum.—LUCAN. i. v. 182.

OPPORTUNI magnis conatibus transitus rerum.—TACITUS.

MULTI honores quos quietâ republicâ desperant, perturbatâ se consequi posse arbitrantur.—LIVY.

EAU trouble gain de pêcheur.

NAER STILLE WATER STINCKT.

THE CAMEL DRINKS BEST

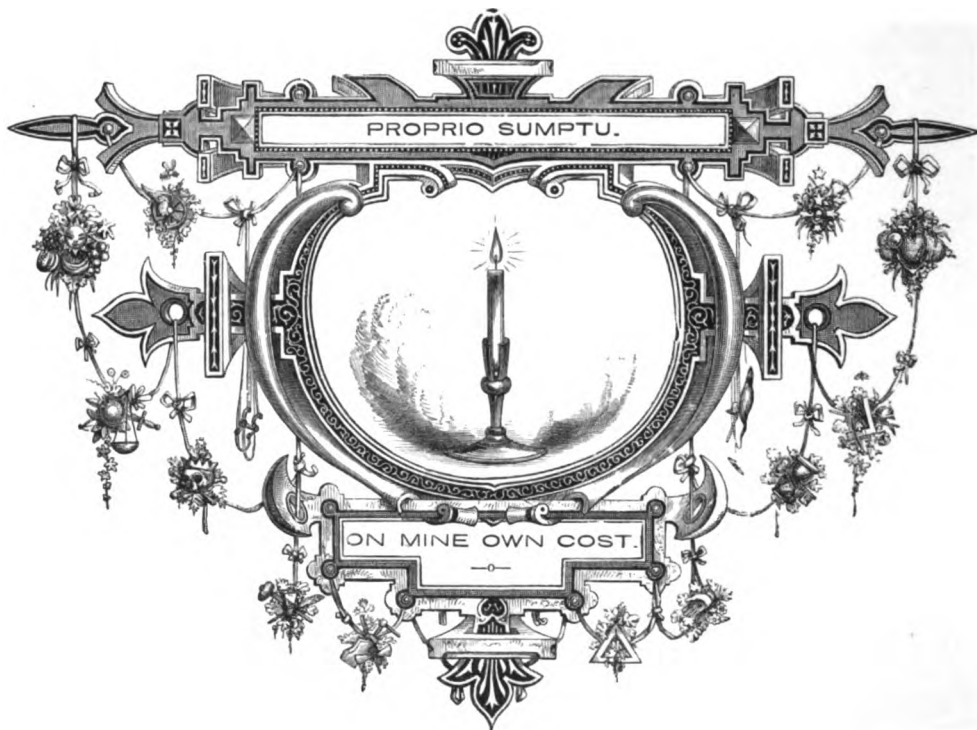
WHEN THE WATER'S TROUBLED.



**I** CARRY about with me, my frugall store,  
 With which I am content, and seeke no more;  
 If it be meane, I can with it agree,  
 What state soever, welcome comes to me :  
 I never begge, alive, what is distresse,  
 I know not ; but once dead, I care for't lesse.

Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate  
 The bread of sloth, for which they never sweat :  
 They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,  
 Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.  
 The wiseman howsoever he doth finde  
 Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,  
 He doth proferre his course and country faire,  
 Unto his Patrons dole and dishes rare.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



IL N'Y A RUISSEAU QUI ENRICHISSE

SON COURANT AVEC DE L'EAU CLAIRE.

STIRRING MASTERS MAKE A RICH HOUSEHOLD.

EXAMPLE IS STRONGER THAN PRECEPT.

*Een Schip op een Zant, een Baken in Zee.*



LET ANOTHER'S SHIPWRECK BE YOUR LANDMARK.

LEARN WISDOM BY THE FOLLY OF OTHERS.

A SHIP AGROUND, IS A BEACON AT SEA.

**P**ORT! hard a-port! starboard your helm! look out!  
See what our neighbour in the Schuyt's about!  
Upon a sand-spit there as sure as day,  
He's hard and fast; right in the course we lay!  
Give her a good wide berth, my mate, that we  
Clear well the sand-tail where those breakers be.

WISE MEN LEARN BY OTHERS' HARM.

They'll never pole her off—to strive is vain;  
 With ebbing-tide as now, there she'll remain:  
 And should the wind chop round and blow to shore,  
 She'll break her rudder, or get damage more.  
 Reader! look well to this, and let it be  
 A caution in Life's voyage unto thee.  
 The Skipper who descries a ship aground,  
 No beacon needs to guide, nor lead to found:  
 And truly prudent is that man alone,  
 Who by another's fault can mend his own.

Many who have themselves but little skill  
 To shape their course where peril may accrue,  
 Avert full oft the greater share of ill,  
 Who take example from what others do.  
 For Youth, than this, there is no better school;  
 For Men, no milder discipline and rule,  
 Than well t' observe, and weigh with prudent care  
 The acts of others from the fruit they bear.

Ex vitio alterius Sapiens emendat suum.—P. SYRUS.

FELIX quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

HOMINES amplius oculis quam auribus credunt.—SENECA.

LONGUM iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.—*Ibid.*

WE do not want precepts, but patterns, for example is the gentlest and least invidious way of commanding.—PLINY.

EXAMPLE is a living rule that teaches without trouble to the learner, and lets him see his faults without open reproof and upbraiding.—SERJ. PALMER'S *Aphorisms*.

EXAMPLE works more than precept; for words without practice are but counsels without effect.—*Ibid.*

I HAVE given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.—*John* xiii. 15.

CHRIST suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.—*1 Pet.* ii. 21.

*Chi ha mal vicin, ha mal matin.*

'TIS well that ev'ry one should know,  
Something of his next door neighbour;  
What are his hours of to and fro?—  
Habits of life, and trade or labour?

For, whate'er our love of quiet,  
And our care to keep aloof,  
If he's giv'n to drink and riot,  
Mischief soon may reach our roof.

Peaceful neighbours are a treasure  
To be wish'd for in this life;  
But distressing beyond measure,  
Neighbours prone to noise and strife:

All such people much require  
Watch and ward on all they do;  
Lest if their house should take fire,  
It perchance may spread to you.

TUNC tua res agitur paries cùm proximus ardet.—HORACE, i. *Epist.* 18.

NE mala vicini pecoris contagia lædant.—VIRGIL, *Æd.* 1.

HINC benè commendavit Philosophus domum à bonis vicinis,  
Aliquid mali propter vicinum malum.—PLAUTUS, *Merc.*

MIEUX vaut être seul, que mal accompagné.  
Brebis rogneuse font les autres tigneuses.

EVIL communications corrupt good manners.  
Better alone than in bad company.

DIE ontrent den molen woont,  
Bestuyft het meel.

CHI ha mal vicin,  
Ha mal matin.

QUANDO egli arde in vicinanza,  
Porta l'acqua à casa tua.

IN the house of the righteous is much treasure: but in the revenues of the wicked  
is trouble.—*Proverbs* xv. 6.

**L**IGHTS starre-like splendor doth allure this flye,  
 Not knowing that she may be burnt thereby :  
 Thus whilst she kindled with a great desire  
 Of Light, loe now shee dies in flaming fire.

Glory in purple robes is set on hie,  
 Envious to many, lovely to the eye :  
 But many times glory doth fooles undoe,  
 Whilst, without wit and reason, they it wooe :  
 It raiseth them that with the greater fall,  
 It may them overthrow and crush withall.  
 Whilst Icarus soares to Hyperions beames,  
 He headlong fals into th' Icarian streames ;  
 And Pha'ton daring for to rule the day,  
 Was thunder-beate, and burnt with Phœbus ray.

We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,  
 If of the scorching rayes we be aware.

*FARLIE'S Emblems.*



CHI TOCCA LA PECE, S'IMBRATTA LE MANI.

CHI DORME CO' CANI SE LIEVA CON PULCI.

HE THAT LIES DOWN WITH DOGS GETS UP WITH FLEAS.



*De gans blaest wel, maer en biit niet.*



GREAT BARKERS ARE NAE BITERS.

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROAST.

THE GOOSE HISSES WELL, BUT IT DON'T BITE.

WHEN first these Geese I saw, and heard  
 Them hiss so fierce at me;  
 With fear o'erwhelm'd, I fled the bird,  
 And thought therein to see  
 Some winged beast, or dragon fell,  
 Whose pestilential breath

WORDS ARE BUT WIND, BUT BLOWS UNKIND.

Alone sufficed, as I'd heard tell,  
 To spread difmay and death.  
 At length their snappish noise despite,  
 I felt within my breast  
 A strange resolve to stay my flight,  
 And meet them at my best.  
 So looking round as fiercely too,  
 I was about to draw,  
 And pierce the hissing monsters through;  
 When all at once I saw—  
 And said, as plain as I could speak:  
 Why I'm a fool outright!  
 The beast's a flat and toothless beak!  
 With that he cannot bite;  
 No claws upon his feet has he  
 That I had need to fear,  
 No crooked talons that I see  
 With which my flesh to tear.  
 'Tis all mere empty wind, e'en though  
 So dread to th' ear and sight;  
 Fear not, my mates!—who hiss and blow  
 Are seldom fierce to bite.

WIJT gapen, en bijt niet:  
 Veel blasen en smijt niet.

Sy en bijten niet al, die haer tanden laten sien.

CHAT mioleur ne fut jamais bon chasseur, non plus qu'homme sage caquetteur.

Een Kat die veel maeuwt, vangt weinigh muisen.

A MUCHA parola, obra poco.  
 CAN ch' abbaja, non vuol nocer.

HÜHNER die viel schwatzen, legen wenig Eier.  
 Dov' è manca cor, quivi è piu lingua.

DE grands vanteurs  
 Petits faiseurs.

Wenn die Worte Leute schlugen, so wär er ein tapferer Mann.

WORDS ARE GOOD WHEN WORKS FOLLOW.

## BEWARE OF A MAN THAT DOES NOT TALK,

VASA inania plurimùm tinniunt.

——— AN tibi Mavors  
Ventosâ in linguâ, pedibusque fugacibus istis,  
Semper erit?—VIRG. *Æn.* II.

Jam senectus mundi est, quæ est garrula.  
Magis metuendi taciturni et lenes, quàm feroces et clamatores.

——— VANA est sine viribus ira.  
MINARUM strepitus,  
Asinorum crepitus.

VALIDIOR vox operis, quam oris.  
IGNAVISSIMUS quisque et in periculo minimùm ausurus nimii verbis, lingua feroces.  
TACITUS.

UT quisque ignavus animo, procax ore.—*Ibid.*

QUID dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.—HORACE.

MONS parturibat gemitus immanes ciens,  
Eratque in terris maxima expectatio.  
At ille murem peperit. Hoc scriptum est tibi,  
Qui magna cum minaris, extricas nihil.

PHÆDRUS, *Fabul.* lxxix.

CANIS timidus vehementiùs latrat, quam mordet.—CURTIUS.

——— QUID verbis opus est? spectemur agendo.—OVID. xiii. *Metam.*

MULTA verba, modria fides.—RICHTER, *Axiom. Oecon.* 221.

DIE Kühe die sehr brüllen, geben wenig Milch.  
Hunde die sehr bellen, beißen nicht.

'T is een wijse van het lant.  
Lange tonge kort van hant.  
TEL menace, qui est battu.  
Tel menace, qui a grand' peur.  
De grand menaceur peu de fait.

——— WHO knows himself a braggart  
Let him fear this; for it shall come to pass  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well that Ends Well.*

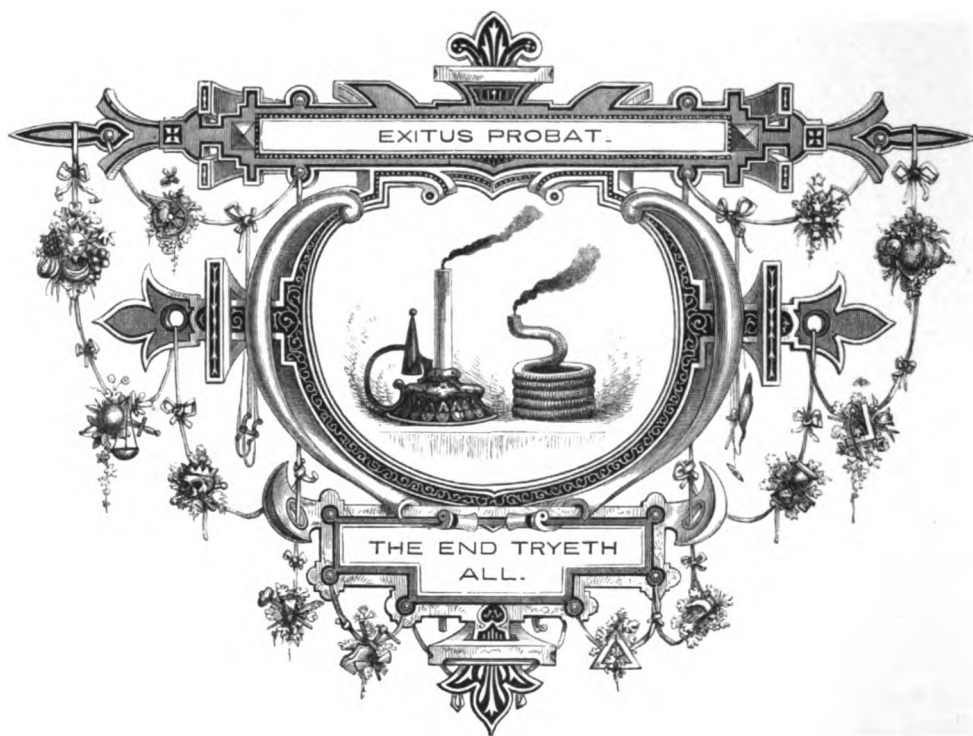
BRAGGARTS must needs be factious, for all bravery stands upon comparisons.  
They must be violent to make good their vaunts. Neither can they be secret, and  
therefore not effectual.—LORD BACON.

## AND OF A DOG THAT DOES NOT BARK.

**W**HEN as the waxen light and candle did shine,  
 As was the taper, so the candle was fine :  
 When light is gone, this gives an odious snuffe,  
 That smels of Hyblas sweete nectarian stuffe.

So when the wicked fits in honours chaire,  
 Unto the good man all doe him compare ;  
 But when Death sparing none, his maske puls off,  
 And changing Fortune sets him for a scoffe :  
 Then to the fittle people he doth stinke,  
 His name smels like a common-shore or sinke :  
 The good againe, even in adverstity,  
 Cares not for Fortunes false inconstancy ;  
 And when against him death hath done her best,  
 His name smels like the Phenix spicy nest.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



BETTER TRUST AN UNBRIDLED HORSE

THAN AN UNBRIDLED TONGUE.



TOUT PAR AMOUR, RIEN PAR FORCE.

*Met onwillige honden is't quaet ha'en vangen.*



YOU MAY ROW YOUR HEART OUT,

IF THE WIND AND TIDE SET AGAINST YOU.

WITH UNWILLING HOUNDS IT'S HARD TO  
CATCH HARES.

**N**OT far from here there lives a Maid,  
Who, as I've heard by many said,  
Will bring a good dow'r of gold and land  
To him on whom she bestows her hand.  
A buxom, cheerful, bustling lass,  
She leads her father's kine to grafs,

NO STRIVING AGAINST THE STREAM.



She bakes and she brews, she spins and she sews,  
And all a good housewife's duty knows.

Nimble and neat of limb is she,  
Good temper'd too as a lass can be ;  
With pouting red lips, and a cheek that glows  
With the freshest hues of the opening rose :

No burgher maid in Leyden town  
Can match her eyes of lustrous brown ;  
And were I again in my youthful prime,  
To woo and to win her I'd lose no time.

I wish our Claes, that son of mine,  
Would but to my advice incline,  
And court her close like a sensible lad,  
While she and her dow'r are yet to be had :

For oft I've heard her father say :  
Whoe'er she choose, he'll not say nay ;  
But give her a well stock'd farm and land,  
And a well fill'd purse besides in hand.

But my son Claes, he is so slow,  
To her he will not courting go :  
He only fancies the town-bred grace  
Of a Courtly dame and a painted face.

But what's your Court or burgher dame,  
With pride of birth and empty name,  
To a village lass with a purse well lin'd,  
And wholesome alike in body and mind ?

But, Oh ! this boy ! 'tis vexing quite  
At bait so fair he will not bite ;  
And all I can do, or think, or say,  
Alike on the lad are thrown away.

How oft have I not brought him to  
The lass, in hopes that he would woo :  
But there he'd stand—like a tongue-tied lout !  
Nor open his mouth—but gape about !

In vain to cheer him on I strive,  
And wink to make him more alive ;  
But not e'en once will he take her hand,  
Nor speak one word she can understand.

E'en though 'tis Fair-time now, yet he  
Buys her no Cakes nor Christmas tree ;  
No girdle, nor ring, nor handsome coif  
To set the young damsel's head-dress off.

He writes no Sonnets in her praise,  
As is the custom now-a-days,  
But cold as a stone, not a word will say,  
That hints in the least at a Wedding-day.

But, setting all such gifts aside—  
Though gifts are proper to a Bride—  
E'en from her he'll not take a thing,  
Nor new neck-ruff, nor handsome ring !

Yet lovers mostly have the sense  
 To look on gifts as no offence ;  
 And if a young man will aught receive,  
 'Tis a sign—at least, so girls believe—  
 That he next day may come again,  
 And then p'rhaps speak his mind more plain ;  
 For Love doth ever more hopeful burn,  
 When the receiver doth make return.  
 But oh ! this Claes ! he will not woo  
 At all as other people do !  
 E'en when she herself asks him to dance,  
 He says that he can't, and looks askance :  
 For her he has no pleasing talk ;  
 He never takes her out to walk,—  
 And when she kindly bids him stay,  
 He takes up his hat to walk away !—  
 To lose such a chance to me is odd !  
 Now isn't my Claes a downright clod ?

But now I find my wife was right,  
 When she said to me t'other night :  
 Do hold thy tongue, now, Father, do !  
 'Tis plain our Claes don't care to woo.  
 Thou'lt never bring the match to pass,  
 He has no taking to the lass :  
 He's p'rhaps some other girl in view,  
 And take my word you may for true ;—  
 The Love that's forc'd will never do !  
 Is not a lover, after all,  
 Best judge on whom his choice should fall ?  
 Is courting not an impulse free,  
 That knows no force nor law's decree ?  
 Do, Father, let the boy alone ;—  
 Compulsion never yet was known  
 To rule th' affections of the heart,  
 Nor guide the course of Cupid's dart.  
 Let him be free to choose his mate  
 According to his heart's dictate :  
 "No Well so bad as that, we think,  
 Whose water we're compelled to drink."  
 Is not the Love-chase just the same  
 As hunting any other game ?  
 What though the sportsman even see  
 The hare, so tame as not to flee,  
 Squat here and there at distance short,  
 As though the very dogs to court ;—  
 Yet none the more the hare is won  
 If that his dogs refuse to run :  
 For hounds which hunt against their will,  
 Were seldom known the game to kill.

I AM confumed with devouring fire,  
 Whilst Vulcane gainst me doubles thus his ire :  
 The hand, much like an Isthme, doth separate  
 The flames, and doth it selfe præcipitate  
 Into open danger, shewing so its love,  
 The scorching flames compels it to remove.

A thriftlesse husband if he spend his state,  
 And so the wife loving to goe too neat ;  
 Their stocke and meanes quickly goes to decay,  
 And late repentance comes, when all's away.  
 But if a friend their ruine would prevent,  
 And stay their fall ; be sure he shall be shent :  
 He losing labour scarce shall harmelesse goe,  
 They both against him turne their malice so.  
 Oft times who parteth quarrels and debate,  
 Against himselfe doth turne the parties hate.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



THE LABOUR WE DELIGHT IN PHYSICS PAIN.

THERE BELONGS MORE THAN WHISTLING TO GOING TO PLOUGH.

THE LAST SUITOR WINS THE MAID.

GREAT DESIGNS REQUIRE GREAT CONSIDERATION.

*Om weynigh Graens een gansche Moole.*



HEAT THE OVEN TWICE FOR A CUSTARD.

A WHOLE MILL TO GRIND A PECK OF CORN.

**E**H! Master, what is all this work,  
This hamm'ring, sawing, clatter?  
Each morning that I wake of late  
I wonder what's the matter!  
What is't that you are building here?  
A Mill, forsooth! but surely

~ GREAT FOOLS MUST HAVE GREAT BELLS. ~

So large a Mill as this will be  
 A los of money purely ;  
 For in this sack of yours I feel  
 So little corn for grinding,  
 That when you've made it into meal  
 'Twill scarce be worth your minding.  
 A Hand-mill would be large enough  
 To grind this corn, good neighbour !  
 And if you'd be advised by me  
 You'd cease your usefess labour.  
 You may rely, this Mill of yours  
 Will yield you little profit,  
 'Twill soon stand still, or, what is worse,  
 You'll be obliged to let it :  
 Don't spend your money thus, my friend,  
 'Tis hard enough to find it ;  
 Who only hath a peck of corn  
 Need build no Mill to grind it.

TRUDITUR dies die,  
 Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.  
 Tu secanda marmora  
 Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri  
 Immemor struis domos.—HORAT. ii. Od. 18.

*Senes, inquit Arnisæus, spolia opima marinæ Deæ suspendere debent, cum hac  
 inscriptione,—(De Jur. Connub.)*

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus,  
 Et militavi non sine gloriâ,  
 Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
 Hunc gladium paries habebit.  
 HORAT. iii. Od. 26.

—DESINE dulcium  
 Mater sæva Cupidinum.—*Idem* iv. Od. 1.



CIRCA lustra decem flectere mollibus  
Jam durum imperiis: abi  
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

EEN oudt man met een jonge vrou,  
Wat kan het wesen als berou?

C'EST chose aussi follastre de voir le gendarme qui va au baston, que l'amoureux  
qui ne peut marcher sans aide.

VEEL geschreeus en luttel wolle.  
Veel vlagen luttel boter.

LA più guasta rota del carro  
Fa sempre maggior strepito.  
Viel geschrey, wenig wollen.  
Grosse word und nichts da hinder.

*Ne'er put the Plough afore the Owsen.*

IN every undertaking, that which is Essential should have the first place; and the  
Accessory, if there is occasion for it, should be considered afterwards. Many men  
commence with that which is of least moment to them, and defer the consideration of  
those things which would be useful and profitable, to a period when it is too late to  
reap the advantages which would accrue from them. We thus frequently see men who  
have no sooner begun to prosper in life, than they become eclipsed as it were in their  
very success, and emerge in poverty. Method is as necessary to the art to Live, as to  
the acquirement of Knowledge.

SELON le pain il faut le couteau.  
Selon ta bourse gouverne ta bouche.  
Fou est qui plus dépense que sa rente ne vaut.

STRETCH out your legs according to the length of your blanket.

QUI trop embrasse, mal étreint.

CHI tutto abbraccia, nulla stringa.

CE qui vient au son de la flûte s'en va au son du tambour.

MAKE no more haste than good speed.

CAVENDUM est, ne in festinationibus suspiciamus nimias celeritates.—CICERO.

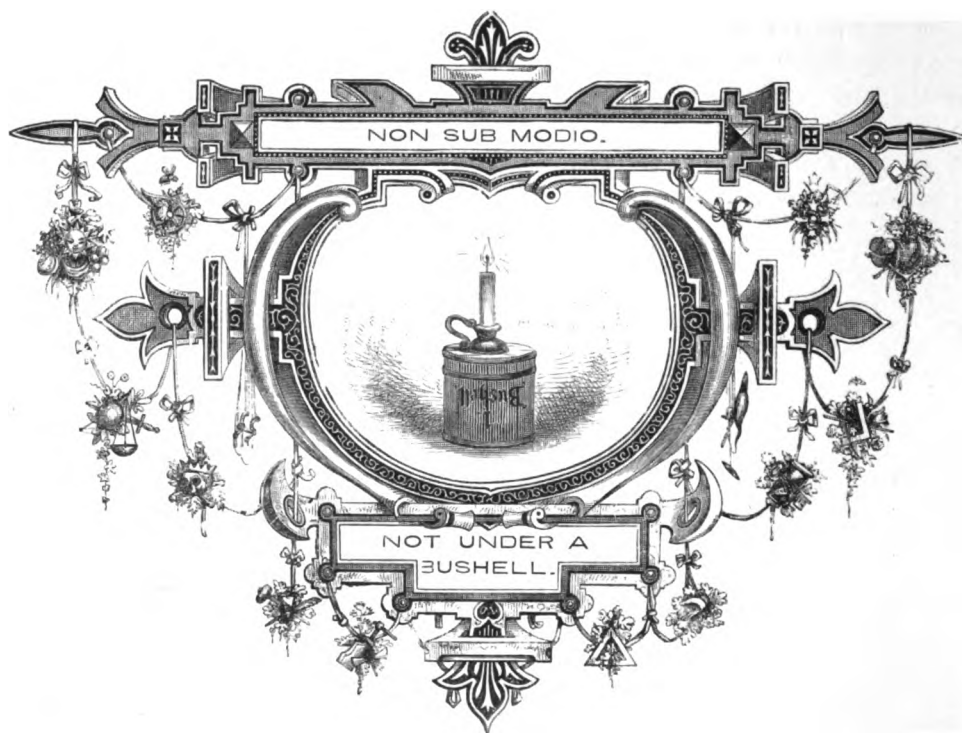
QUI unumquodque mature transegit, is properat; qui multa simul incipit neque  
perficit, festinat.—CATO.

MEDDLE NOT WITH WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

**T**ITANS day burning lamp is fet on high,  
 The more to light'n the Earth from saphir sky;  
 His beames more glorious and conspicuous shine  
 From East to West, from South to midnight line:  
 My light you must not under bushell put,  
 Nor in a chinky corners prison shut;  
 That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,  
 They must aloft be hanged round about.

You holy Priests, to whom the word of light  
 Is trust, advance your torches in the fight  
 Of mortals, shew them who in darkeness dwell,  
 The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



NO ONE GETS INTO TROUBLE WITHOUT HIS OWN HELP.

DO NOTHING HASTILY, BUT CATCHING OF FLEAS.

*Two Dogges strive for a Bone, and the third taketh it away.*



WHEN TWO FOOLS MEET, THE BARGAIN GOES OFF.

WHEN THE IRON'S HOT IT'S TIME TO STRIKE.

### THE DOGS AND THE BONE.

ALL ye who would a Moral learn,  
 Your eyes upon this Emblem turn :  
 Two dogs in combat fierce you see,  
 For Dogs, like Men, will disagree.  
 The cause of quarrel was a bone,  
 With dogs a very frequent one ;

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES TAKE THE ADVANTAGE.

But while the two in deadly fight,  
 Half blind with rage, bark, tear and bite,  
 More bent each other's flesh to wound  
 Than heed the bone upon the ground;  
 Up comes a third, attracted by  
 The brawl, and, quick the cause t'espy,  
 Snaps up the bone without ado,  
 And with it disappears from view.  
 The combatants, whose kindled bile  
 Had somewhat settled down the while,  
 Exhausted almost with the fight,  
 At once both miss the bone from fight!  
 And quick as thought, with one consent,  
 They cease the fray, and, both intent  
 To find the prize for which they fought,  
 With eager haste the bone is sought:  
 But all in vain, no bone is there,—  
 But foam and bloodstains everywhere,  
 Mingled with clotted flakes of hair.  
 At length away the dogs depart,  
 In pain and discontent of heart,  
 That they, who fought the prize to gain,  
 Should doubly losers thus remain;  
 While some one, who no risk had run,  
 The "bone of their contention" won.  
 Such things and like results are seen  
 T' occur full oft young folks between;  
 Among the People oft'ner still,  
 And Princes, where there's want of skill.

But while I'm on this subject now,  
 An instance I'll relate to you,  
 Of which I've known before to-day  
 Full many end the self-same way.  
 Two suitors woo'd a Burgher maid,  
 With dow'ry rich, and each afraid  
 His rival should with her prevail,  
 Bethought him all he could t'affail  
 And prejudice the other's name,

That he might best secure the game.  
 With feelings such on either side,  
 Throughout the City, far and wide,  
 Reports were current soon of each,  
 Which did so mutually impeach  
 Their name and fame, that swords alone  
 Could for such calumnies atone.  
 They met—they fought—the younger fell;  
 His rival's blade prov'd all too well  
 The bitter rancour of the thrust  
 That stretch'd him prostrate in the dust.  
 Though victor, yet compell'd to fly,  
 T'escape the Duel's penalty,  
 The field at once of both made clear,  
 Another suitor now drew near;  
 Who, though before but little seen,  
 Had ne'er the less, like them too, been  
 A Fisher in the self-fame stream,  
 Though not presuming such to seem:  
 And boldly now he sets his sail,  
 To profit by the fav'ring gale;  
 Declares in all its honest truth  
 The love that had o'ercast his youth;  
 Subdues at once the damsel's pride,  
 And changes Sweetheart into Bride.  
 The Brawlers, when they both return'd  
 To health and home, the tidings learn'd,  
 That one far more discreet than they,  
 Advantage taking of their fray,  
 Had won the Prize the proper way.

**D**UMOS concussi, sustulit alter aves.  
 Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.  
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.  
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,  
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

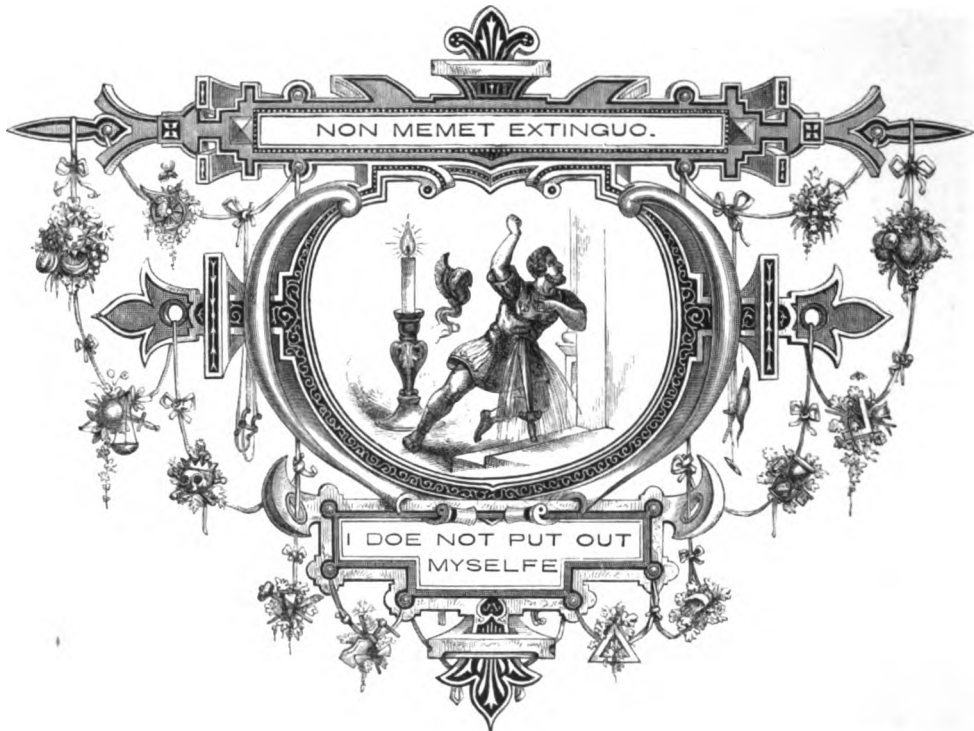
TEL bat les buissons  
 Qui n'a pas les oisillons.



WHAT e're my stat's my love proves constant still,  
 To this my Soule, we part against our will;  
 Or when fierce Boreas with his blustering gale,  
 Or some mischance my lovely light doth quale:  
 Else I and Light my life, would never part,  
 Before to ashes fates did me convert.

Nature commands us to maintaine our breath  
 And being, shunning life-destroying death.  
 Yet man from Atropus oft takes the knife,  
 And cuts his fatall thred devouring life:  
 For why, he fearing death before his day,  
 Before th'allarum, makes himselfe away.  
 Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,  
 Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



TWO SIR POSITIVES CAN'T MEET WITHOUT A SKIRMISH.

BETWIXT TWA STOOLS THE DOUP FA'S DOUN.

*Nemo potest Thetidem simul et Galatean amare.*



NO ONE CAN LOVE THETIS AND GALATEA  
AT THE SAME TIME.

**L**ISTEN, Mates! attend to me,  
I would something to you say,  
Which, may of some service be—  
Rather curious in its way!  
I've a fondness for the Fair,  
Which, my reason all despite,  
Makes me ev'ry day despair  
Where to fix my heart aright.

GRASP ALL, LOSE ALL.

Ev'ry pretty girl I meet,  
 Sets my heart in such a fir,  
 That, without the least deceit,  
 I would make strong love to her.  
 Thus so wav'ring in my mind,  
 Two girls now at once I woo ;  
 But I've long begun to find  
 'Tis much more than I can do.  
 One is Galatea nam'd,  
 And the other, as you know,  
 Thetis—for her beauty fam'd,  
 Spoken of where'er you go.  
 Thetis lives down by the Sea,  
 Galatea on the Moor ;  
 Thetis talks of ships to me,  
 And of things along the shore.  
 Galatea, lively lafs !  
 Speaks of dairies, and of cows,  
 Of the meadows, and the grafs,  
 And the crops her father grows ;  
 Of the tuneful woods and fields,  
 Where the sheep in hundreds stray,  
 What their fleece in profit yields,  
 And the joys of market-day :  
 Speaks of shady lanes to me,  
 With their hedgerows green and gay,  
 And the Linden trees where we  
 Often chat an hour away.  
 Thetis too tells pleasing tales  
 In the Fishers' homely talk ;  
 How in Greenland they catch whales,—  
 Charming 'tis with her to walk :  
 Herring nets to make and mend  
 Then she tells me how, and I  
 Long a helping hand to lend,  
 When she spreads them out to dry.  
 Plaice and flounders how they take,—  
 And how dry them on the shore ;

UNA NON PIGLIA E L'ALTRA LASCIA.

How one man of fish may make  
 Oft a catch of twenty score :  
 How they fish with hook and net,  
 All so pleasing like and true,  
 That by her bright eyes of jet  
 I'm both hook'd and netted too.  
 Galatea says that she  
 Likes no fish, nor those who live  
 Or by fishing, or the sea,  
 But the reason she won't give.  
 Galatea's constant theme  
 Is her butter and her cheese;—  
 "What's your *fish* compared to cream?  
 Soles or plaice (says she) to these!"  
 If I speak of fields and trees,  
 Or the least of farm-things say,  
 Thetis' look's enough to freeze,  
 And she takes her hand away :  
 If I wear a fisher's dress,  
 Galatea from me turns,  
 And, when in farm-clothes, no less,  
 Thetis all my wooing spurns.  
 When my fisher's cap I've on,  
 Flushings loose and jacket rough,  
 Galatea says, Begone!  
 But her look is quite enough!  
 If in shepherd's slouch I go,  
 Thetis, if she chance to see,  
 Calls me Boor! and jeers me so,  
 That all eyes are turn'd on me!  
 Thus for two long years have I  
 Chafed this game, and nothing caught;—  
 Just as one "who hunts two hares,  
 Loses both, and catches naught."  
 So, Mates, when you wooing go,  
 Fool is he who my way chooses;  
 Who at once courts sweethearts two,  
 Pleases neither, and both loses!

MUST LIE TO ONE OF THEM.

BEHOLD the Bridegroom comes, he takes his way,  
 Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day ;  
 He saies, he'le come, much like a theefe in night,  
 To judge the world with equity and right ;  
 Angels shall charge with trumpets sounding cleare,  
 And Christ as Judge shall in the clouds appeare ;  
 The righteous and the wicked shall arise,  
 Bodies and Soules, to passe upon that sise ;  
 He who the oyle of preparation hath,  
 Whom Christ shall find furnish'd with saving faith ;  
 Shall with the blessed Bridegroom mount on hie,  
 Mongst Seraphimes triumphing gloriously ;  
 But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,  
 Heavens dreadfull Judge shall that man curfed call,  
 And banish him into the pit of hell,  
 Where with the fiends for ever he must dwell.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



HE HAS MUCH TO DO

WHO WOULD PLEASE EVERYBODY.

BUT MORE CUNNING HE WHO CATCHES HIM.



FAIR TO THE EYE, THAT'S ALL.

*In Recessu Nihil.*



A FAIR FACE MAY HIDE A FOUL HEART.

A FAIR FACE MAY BE A FOUL BARGAIN.

WITHIN IS EMPTINESS.

**Y**OU say that Isabella is of such surpassing grace,  
So beautiful in form and ev'ry feature of her face;  
That you're surpris'd I do not ask her hand at once, as you  
Affirm, if you were in my place, you would without ado.  
But, Friend, you are mistaken, and you estimate too high  
The beauty of a figure, and the lustre of an eye:  
These I admit she has, but something wanting still I find—  
Though beautiful in face,—she wants the beauty of the mind.

BELLE CAGE, SANS OISEAU.

She's like the handsome Monument, to which the sculptor's art  
Has given grace and fymmetry to every outward part ;  
Externally adorn'd with all that most the eye can win,  
All outward shew like that is she, but empty all within.  
Pay less regard to Form and Face, when you select a wife ;  
The Beauty of the Mind alone is that which lasts for life.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd  
A beauteous face and ugly mind ;  
In vain the faultless features strike,  
When soul and body are unlike :  
Pity that snowy breast should hide  
Deceit and avarice and pride.—POPE.

NAM divinitus interdum, Venerisque sagittis,  
Deteriore fit ut formâ muliercula ametur ;  
Nam facit ipsa suis interdum fœmina factis,  
Morigerisque modis, et mundo corpore culta,  
Ut facillè insuescat vir secum ducere vitam.—LUCRET.

PLUS aliquid formâ est, plus est oculisque genisque ;  
Plus aliquid toto corpore, quidquid amo.—DAN. HEYNSIUS.

SIT procul omne nefas, ut ameris amabilis esto ;  
Quod tibi non facies, solaque forma dabit.—OVID.

TEMERARIIS judiciis plena sunt omnia, de quo desperamus subito convertitur, et fit optimus ; de quo multum præsumperamus, deficit et fit pessimus, nec timor noster certus est, nec amor.—AUGUST. *de Past.*

JUDGE not according to the Appearance, but judge righteous judgment.

*John vii. 24.*

THE Lord seeth not as man seeth ; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—I *Sam. xvi. 7.*

FAVOUR is deceitful, and Beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Proverbs xxxi. 30.*

TEL semble sage en apparence,  
Qui fol est en quintessence.

*Fronti nulla Fides.*

WHEN travellers first the Pyramids behold,  
 Lifting their sun-lit tops in contrast bold  
 Against the splendour of th' Egyptian sky ;  
 Their grand dimensions to the fancy brings  
 The semblance of the Palaces of Kings ;  
 So great is their external majesty !  
 But what are they within ?—No Halls are there,  
 No Royal Courts, nor Princely Chambers fair,  
 The imaged scenes of Eastern pageantry.  
 What then ? mere dust ! the Ashes of the Dead !  
 Around, within, on every side outspread  
 In one drear, dread Sepulchral mockery !  
 'Tis thus we are instructed to beware  
 Of judging from Appearances alone ;  
 "The Castles that we image in the air"  
 Are not more empty—when the truth is known.

*Plus on a de fonds, et plus on est homme.*

THE Inside ought always to be worth as much again as the outward appearance. There are people who have exterior only ; resembling houses which have not been finished for want of funds : the entry is palatial, the inside a hovel. This kind of Persons presents nothing to fix the attention, or rather, all within them is fixed ; for after the first salutation the conversation is ended. They make their introductory bow, after the fashion of the Sicilian horses, which after one or two caracoles become suddenly metamorphosed into motionless taciturnity. For words are soon exhausted when the mind is barren. It is easy for them to deceive others who like themselves have nothing but appearance, but they are objects of pity to persons of discernment, who soon discover that they are empty within.—GRACIAN'S *Maxims*.

*Tinnit ; inane est.*

IT'S empty : hark, it sounds : 'tis vain and void,  
 What's here to be enjoy'd  
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,  
 Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow ?  
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,  
 Reviv'd with living death ?  
 Fond youth, oh, build thy hopes on surer grounds  
 Than what dull flesh propounds :  
 Trust not this hollow world, 'tis empty : hark, it sounds.  
 QUARLES' *Emblems*.

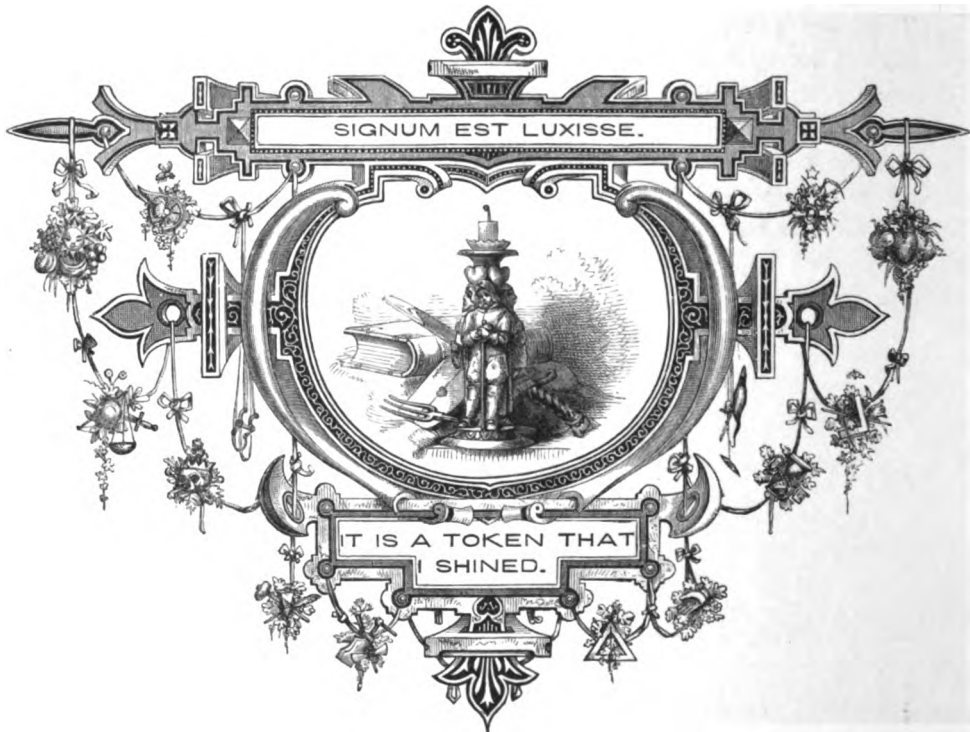
A FOOLISH WOMAN IS KNOWN BY HER FINERY.

THE FAIREST LOOKING SHOE MAY PINCH THE FOOT.

THE FAIRER THE HOSTESS THE HEAVIER THE RECKONING.

**W**HO so beholds this smoaky snuffe of mine,  
 He must needs thinke that sometime I did shine;  
 But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,  
 Onely of light I have the brand and marke.  
 Who for his Country hath with valour stood,  
 His wounds doe shew, that he hath spent his blood :  
 In Venus training who hath beene practised,  
 Some token he beares of what he exercised.  
 The Schollars badge, are fallow lookes and blanch,  
 The gluttons is the fatnesse of his panch.  
 Vertue and vice doth leave some token behind,  
 Which of themselves doe put us still in minde.

*FARLIE'S Emblems.*



BE SLOW IN CHOOSING,

BUT SLOWER IN CHANGING.

OGNI DONNA A QUALCHE TACCA.



*Vechtende Koeyen voegen haar te samen, als de Wolf komt.*



SINGLY WE SUCCUMB,

UNITED WE CONQUER.

WHEN THE WOLF COMES, THE OXEN LEAVE OFF  
FIGHTING TO UNITE IN SELF-DEFENCE.

**N**OT long ago, some oxen of our herds upon the moor,  
In furious fight among themselves, as oft I've seen before,  
Were suddenly surpris'd to see some Wolves, which, crouching low,  
Were stealing on the herd to strike an unexpected blow.  
Like magic, all at once, th' intestine feuds and bloodshed cease,

EENDRAGT GEEFT MAGT.



As though the common danger had subdued them all to peace:  
And quick,—as if impress'd with all the folly of their strife;  
Made sensible that Union alone could save the life  
Of each and all,—to face the foe they haste a ring to form,  
And croup to croup close press'd make front to meet th' impending storm.\*  
'Twas just in time! for scarcely were they marshall'd back to back,  
When down upon the herd already bursts the rav'ning pack:  
But all in vain the Wolves assail; for everywhere they meet  
A phalanx of opposing horns, their onset fierce to greet;  
And high in air uptoss'd, or disembowell'd on the plain,—  
The few remaining take to flight, nor dare th' assault again.

So should confed'rate States and Peoples hush all inward strife,  
When from without a foreign foe assails the Nation's life;  
All discords then out-trodden—'tis by Unity alone  
The Free shall save their Freedom, and the Brave preserve their own.

CONCORDIA parvæ res crescunt: discordiâ autem maximæ dilabuntur.

SALLUST. *Jugurth.*

TWIST verquist.

EENDRAGT geeft magt  
Eenigkeyt vermag veel.

VERDEILT vyer brandt qualick.  
Scatter'd fire burns badly.

SACRUM est Pacis nomen, et quod vix terram sapiat: nec alio nomine Hebræi Τὸ εὐζήν, ipsam aded perfectionem, innuebant: nec quid aliud humano generi lubentius vel gratulati sunt Angeli, vel legavit Christus, vel Apostoli præceperunt, &c.

JOSEPH HALL, *Rom. Irreconciliab.*

KRIJG van buiten  
Doet vriendschap sluiten.

COMMUNE periculum dissidentes conjungit. Instante communi periculo, conciliari solent dissidentium animi.—DIONYS. *Halicarn. lib. 8.*

\* The instinctive resort of horned cattle to this mode of defence against the wolf, is more especially remarkable, and of very frequent occurrence, among the herds of half wild horses in the Bukowina, and on the Pustas of Hungary, with the difference that these form the "Karika" or Ring, with their heels outwards, in order to give the wolves the full advantage of that characteristic and efficient mode of defence of the horse.—*Note of Translator.*

*Ne point montrer le doigt malade.*

Shew not where your finger ails.

FOR every one will strike you there. Beware also to complain of it, for in as much as Malice always attacks the weakest point, the show of resentment and suffering only serves to gratify and to divert it. The malice of mankind always endeavours to unhinge; it gives utterance to cutting words, and resorts to every expedient, until it has discovered the sore, where it can pierce to the quick. The man of sense and tact never exposes his weak point, whether personal or hereditary; because Fortune herself takes delight sometimes in wounding the place where she knows the pain will be felt most acutely. She always mortifies to the quick. Consequently it is requisite to conceal from mankind all knowledge both of that which mortifies, and of that which gives satisfaction; in order to bring the former to the speediest termination, and to make the latter endure the longer.—GRACIAN.

STRENGTH is increased by Concord.

THE fast faggot is not easily broken.

L'UNION fait la Force.

AUXILIA humilia firma consensus facit.

UNIUS dissensione totus consensionis globus disjectus sit.—NEPOS.

ADVERSITY tries friends.

IN angustis amici boni apparent.

GOD helps those who help themselves.

FORTES Fortuna juvat.

TIMIDI nunquam statuere tropæum.—SUIDAS *ex Eupolide*.

IL n'y a que les honteux qui perdent.

AUDACES Fortuna juvat, timidisque repellit.

*Qui ipsi sibi sapiens prodesse nequis, ne quidquam sapit.*

CICERO, *Ep.* lib. vii.

IN circumstances of difficulty, there is no better company than a resolute heart; and if that should happen to fail, it should be aided by the Mind. Difficulties grow less for them who know how to help themselves. Submit not to the strokes of adversity without an effort to overcome them, lest they become less endurable. Some persons help themselves so little in their troubles, that they increase them, for want of knowing how to meet and bear them with courage. He who knows himself well, finds assistance to his weakness in reflection. The man of judgment comes out of every dilemma with credit and advantage to himself.

WHERE THE KNOT IS LOOSE, THE STRING SLIPPETH.

**W**HILST I give light to others, I decay ;  
 I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play :  
 I watch all night with an unsleepy eye,  
 And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye :  
 How oft am I by blustering Boreas mockt,  
 And lighting others, I my selfe am chokt ;  
 If tumult, of a night affailing be,  
 I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me :  
 What most of men neglect, that I observe,  
 To succour others, though my selfe should starve :  
 A Law but not of nature, which directs  
 All of themselves to have the prime respects.

Codrus the King, his Country to defend,  
 Much like a Prodigall his life did spend ;  
 The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,  
 Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,  
 The watchfull shepherd feldome seeing sleepe,  
 Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe :  
 Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,  
 Did suffer death, lest mortall man should die.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



WHILE YOU TRUST TO THE DOG,

THE WOLF SLIPS INTO THE SHEEP-FOLD.

BOLDNESS IS PRUDENCE.

SEMPER OB INSIDIIS CYNTHIA FLERE SOLET.

*Dum plorat, vorat.*



FEMME RIT QUAND ELLE PEUT,

ET PLEURE QUAND ELLE VEUT.

WHILE SHE WEEPS, SHE DEVOURS.

**C**ALLING a few days since to pay  
A visit to my mistress fair,  
Her face quite fill'd me with dismay,  
She look'd so pale and wan with care.  
That she, so full of life and song,  
As was her wont, thus sad should be,  
Made me conclude, that something wrong  
Had her befall'n—or p'rhaps that she  
Had got some silly doubts of me.

VRIENT, LET'ER OP; MEN VINT'ER NOCH.

Well, dearest love!—but what is this?  
 What ails? what has occur'd to thee?  
 Why then so cold?—not e'en one kifs!—  
 Art ill—or discontent with me?  
 Nay, nay, thou'rt ill I'm sure—I see,  
 I know it by thy drooping eye,  
 Thou lookst not as thou'rt wont on me,  
 Come let me know,—why then that sigh?—  
 Speak, speak, did I yet aught deny?

But long she made me no reply,  
 Though still she sigh'd, and I could see,  
 The more I said, the more her eye  
 Was fill'd with tears, and turn'd from me;  
 Until at length quite griev'd, I said,  
 Come cease this weeping—speak then, do—  
 Tell me thy grief, nor be afraid;  
 If silent thus, how can I know  
 In what to aid or comfort you?

On this upon my arm she laid  
 Her pretty hand, and murmur'd low—  
 Alas! 'tis this—(she sighing said)  
 My cause of grief, since you will know:  
 A sad misfortune I have had!  
 That e'er so luckless I could be!  
 I've lost—I'm sure I shall go mad—  
 That handsome ring you gave to me!  
 Which all admir'd who us'd to see.

And then—Oh! woe is me!—to-day,  
 While walking in the Park, I felt  
 The Bracelet on my arm give way,—  
 I really thought my heart would melt:  
 I look'd, and lo! the diamond clasp  
 Which held the string of pearls I wear,  
 Had broken somehow at the hasp!—  
 You know what splendid pearls they were?  
 Well! eight are lost, I do declare!



Oh ! how shall I this loss repair ?—  
 All thy best presents thus to lose ;—  
 I've scarce a jewel now to wear !  
 And fifty pounds won't replace those !  
 When she had ended this lament,  
 Her sobs and tears came fast anew,  
 And I, upon her grief intent,  
 Knew neither what to say or do,  
 And truth to say, 'twas vexing too.

When just as I was deep in thought,  
 How best her grief somewhat t' allay,  
 A Jeweller my notice caught,  
 Who seem'd by chance t' have come that way :  
 Greeting us both with much respect,  
 He op'd his caskets to our view :  
 And said—Sir, p'rhaps you'll not object  
 To let me shew some rings to you—  
 And to my lady, something new !

She, (so it seem'd) her grief appeas'd  
 At once, at sight of all his ware,  
 A costly diamond ring first seiz'd,  
 The finest, largest he had there ;  
 And said :—Eh ! this is just the kind  
 Of ring that I have wish'd for so !  
 Had I but now a generous friend  
 To buy me that !—'twould soothe my woe !—  
 And, as she spoke, she kiss'd me too.

I, mov'd to see her mournful face,  
 Ask'd him the cost ; and being told,  
 Began to bid for it apace ;  
 I found I'd just the sum in gold :  
 But nothing in the price would he  
 Abate—and she, with eyes still red,  
 Look'd in my face so anxiously !—  
 That e'er I well knew what I said,  
 The ring was bought, and money paid.

That I'd been cheated to my face,  
 Since then I found to my surprise !  
 The thing was plann'd to time and place,  
 It was her Brother in disguise !  
 'Twas her own diamond ring that I  
 Had bought and paid for o'er anew !  
 So when you see your Mistress cry,  
 Take heed, my Friends, what 'tis you do.  
 But laugh or cry 'tis much the same,  
 They're both the sex's Winning Game.

WHEN that my clammy substance was entire,  
 I was an earthly nurse of heav'n-bred fire;  
 Now envious time doth me in ashes turne  
 And to a tedious snuffe my light doth burne:  
 Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;  
 I yeeld, doe what thou canst, the turne is thine.  
 So the Comedian having plaid his share,  
 Gives place to others, who then actors are:  
 A King his weighty office having done,  
 Dying transfers his Scepter to his sonne:  
 When that the crasie Souldiers strength doth faile,  
 The younger must the enemy assaile.

Happy is he the evening of whose daies  
 Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



A FOOLISH WOMAN IS CLAMOROUS.

DE VROUWEN HADDEN EERTIJTS DRIEDERLEY TRANEN:

VAN LEET, ONGEDULT, EN BEDROG.

BETTER BEND THAN BREAK.

*Cedendo Victor abibis.*



BY YIELDING THOU MAY'ST CONQUER.

THAT the slender Reed you see,  
Chaf'd and driven by the blast,  
Should not soon uprooted be,  
Or upon the waters cast ;—  
That so frail a thing in form  
Is not quickly borne away,  
Rent to tatters by the storm,  
Is a wondrous thing, you say ?

~ FLECTI NON FRANGI. ~

YIELDING IS SOMETIMES THE BEST WAY OF SUCCEEDING.

~ OAKS MAY FALL WHEN REEDS BRAVE THE STORM. ~

Since so oft the stately Oak,  
 Tow'ring upward to the skies,  
 Is uprooted by the stroke,  
 E'en despite its strength and size!  
 Strange as this may seem to thee,  
 'Tis with wise instruction rife,  
 And imports how men may be  
 Victors in the storms of Life.  
 Things of lowly growth and height  
 Have but little weight to bear;  
 And, whate'er the tempest's might,  
 Feel it in diminish'd share:  
 Less expos'd to every wind  
 Than the lofty forest trees,  
 Humbler plants a quiet find  
 That is seldom known to these.  
 Fragile though the Reed appear  
 To resist so fierce a blast,  
 Yet it hath no need to fear;  
 For when once the gale is past,  
 Lifting then its head anew,  
 Still unharm'd, o'er fen and lake,  
 Proves the antient maxim true,  
 "That which bends, doth seldom break."

AUREAM quisquis mediocritatem  
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ  
 Sobrius aulâ.

HORACE, lib. ii. Od. 10.

FELIX, mediæ quisquis turbæ  
 Parte quietus, aura stringit  
 Littora tuta, timidusque mari  
 Credere cymbam, remo terras  
 Propriore legit.—SENECA, *Agamem.*

CREDE mihi, benè qui latuit, benè vixit, et intrâ  
 Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.—OVID.

REBUS in adversis facile est contemnere vitam,  
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

In adverse times, 'tis easy of life's burdens to complain ;  
But nobler far, with fortitude to suffer, and sustain.

THE gods take pleasure oft when haughty mortals  
On their own Pride erect a mighty fabric,  
By slightest means to lay their towering schemes  
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.

THOMSON.

THOUGH plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,  
Yet never let the noble mind despair :  
When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes,  
The gods their timely succour interpose ;  
And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.—PHILIPS.

STORMS often fell the stately oak,  
High mountains feel the thunder's stroke ;  
And lofty tow'rs, when winds assail,  
In their resistance less prevail  
Than doth the reed upon the shore,  
Which rises when the storm is o'er.

*Confido, conquiesco.*

OH ! Source of every good, and every joy,  
Meek resignation felt without alloy ;  
Jehovah ! from whose ever bounteous store,  
Mercy, and joy, untainted blessings pour ;  
Who bidst us ask, and asking not amiss,  
Convey'st an heavenly, in an earthly bliss ;  
Whose hand protects us, and whose eye pervades,  
Whose promise cheers us, and whose grace persuades ;  
Though thron'd on high, where blessed spirits bow,  
And blissful saints sublimest raptures know :  
Yet stooping low as earth, our prayers are heard,  
Our wants reliev'd, and all our sorrows cheer'd :  
Alike thy fondness to thy creatures shew'd  
In what's withholden as in what's bestow'd.  
Then let me pause—and if presumptuous thought  
My humble state bewails, or grieves at aught ;  
O soothe with calm content, that I may share  
Thy gifts with grateful heart, whate'er they are.—Anon.

THE END MAKES ALL EQUAL.

HUMILITY OFTEN GAINS MORE THAN PRIDE.

PATIENCE IS THE BEST BUCKLER AGAINST AFFRONTS.



**I**F thus my light nights fable filence glads,  
 Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shads;  
 If Gold'n-like Phœbus and his silver sifter,  
 He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;  
 What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,  
 When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?  
 Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,  
 Or in a shell containe the glasseie strand;  
 Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,  
 That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:  
 This onely tell: it is not Phœbus light,  
 Nor Phœbes, nor the spangles of the night.  
 That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,  
 Once shalt thou see, a supream Deity.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



HIGH HOUSES ARE MOSTLY EMPTY IN THE UPPER STORY.

HIGH TREES GIVE MORE SHADOW THAN FRUIT.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Assai rumori, e poca lana.*



WHO UNDERTAKES TOO MUCH SELDOM SUCCEEDS.

WHOSO IS WELL LET HIM KEEP SO.

### GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

**H**EREIN we see a somewhat novel Sight,  
To which the Reader's notice we invite:  
One man doth shear a Sheep, and strange to see,  
Another shears a Pig in company.  
Let us consider what this thing may mean;  
Perchance therefrom some lesson we may glean.  
He, who the Pig doth shear, the senseless lout,  
Believes he knows full well what he's about;

VEEL GESCHREEUWS, EN LUTTEL WOL.

And that when done, to him there will accrue  
 By far the greater profit of the two.  
 The Pig's the heaviest beast he thinks, no doubt,  
 Has thickest fat, and much the longest snout;  
 But the unruly brute, like all his kind,  
 Is hard to manage, nor at all inclin'd  
 To yield submissive to his treatment new,  
 And gives his Shearer roughish work to do.  
 Rending the air with shrillest, piercing shrieks,  
 He kicks and struggles, twists about and squeaks  
 With such untiring strength and energy,  
 That all the neighbours round look out to see;  
 Or gather near to ascertain aright  
 The real meaning of so strange a fight.  
 Amid much trouble, and the jeers of all,  
 He shortly finds his profit very small,  
 For in the place of Wool, what is't he gains?  
 Mere hair and scrubby bristles for his pains.  
 Now turn we to our friend who shears the Sheep:  
 Unlike the Pig, he lies as though asleep;  
 He wrestles not, he neither kicks nor shrieks,  
 In gentle tones the Shearer to him speaks,  
 And moves at will the shears o'er every part,  
 Nor fears a motion that his will may thwart.  
 To all men's eyes who watch the process here,  
 The labour's easy and the gain is clear:  
 Not scrubby bristles, but of finest wool  
 His lap not only, but his basket full,  
 Attest which Shearer hath the better gains,  
 Both as to profit and to gift of brains.  
 'Tis thus in life we not unfrequent see,  
 How some Men labour long and wearily,  
 T'achieve a purpose which they have in view,  
 Yet lose their labour and the object too;  
 The while that others easily attain  
 A kindred purpose, with completest gain.  
 In all men do, so much on tact depends,  
 That where that fails, success but rare attends;

That which is well considered best succeeds ;  
 That which is well conducted surest speeds :  
 Hence who in Shearing would no profit lack,  
 Should choose a beaft with wool upon its back ;  
 Consider well all he would take in hand,  
 Nor mix with matters he don't understand :  
 What one Man does, another fails to do ;  
 What's fit for me, may not be fit for you.

AL te wijs kan niet beginnen,  
 Al te geck kan niet versinnen ;  
 Tusschen mal, en tusschen vroet,  
 Wint men wel het meeste goet.

Hv moet wagen  
 Die wil bejagen.

DIE dit en gint geduerig schroomen,  
 Hoe kunnen die tot rijckdom komen ?

GATO quantato non prese mai. sorci.

'T MACH wayen, stil zijn, vloeyen, of ebben,  
 Die niet en waegt en sal niet hebben.

SUMPTUM faciat oportet is qui lucrum quærit.

RIEN ne s'acquiert sans aventure, et rien se conserve sans industrie.

CHI guerda a ogni piuma, non fa mai letto.

SONDER wagen niet vergaren,  
 Sonder wijsheyt niet bewaren.

DIE elcke veer wil sien en raken,  
 Hoe kan die oyt een bedde maken ?

QUI na' guerre,  
 N'a guerre.

NERINGH en is geen erf.

QUI perd le sien, perd le sens.

**M**Y Light up to Heav'ns Mansions still doth move,  
 Seeking his native place of rest above;  
 But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,  
 It stoopes to seeke his food, and feed his flame:  
 So still it sinkes downward, untill it turne  
 Into a snuffe, and ashes cease to burne.

My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,  
 Unto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire sky,  
 But still its plung'd, so to the body bound,  
 That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:  
 Thus cralling for its food my foule can fret,  
 And tasting Lote, his Country doth forget.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

WHO LOOKS NOT BEFORE,

FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND.





THE EMPTY CASK MAKES THE MOST SOUND.

*Krepel wil altijd voor dan'en.*



CRIPPLE WILL ALWAYS LEAD THE DANCE.

**C**ROSSING o'er a Village green,  
Once I saw a pleasant scene ;  
Country lads and lasses gay,  
Dancing on the first of May,  
Singing, shouting, full of glee ;  
'Twas a pleasant sight to see  
How they danc'd the May-pole round,  
To the Bagpipe's merry found.

THE WORST WHEEL CREAKS MOST.

A PENNY IN THE MONEY-BOX

MAKES MORE NOISE THAN WHEN IT IS FULL.

When the Piper shrillest play'd,  
 Greater was the noise they made;  
 And not one but seem'd to be  
 Almost mad with jollity.  
 But among them all was one  
 Who in noise the rest outdone,  
 He, the leader of the game,  
 Was both bandy-legg'd and lame,  
 With a club-foot of such size,  
 As quite fill'd me with surprise,  
 That so clumsy shaped a thing  
 Should be leader of the ring.  
 So it was ne'erless, and he  
 First in everything would be:  
 Whatfoe'er was piped or fung,  
 Cripple's voice the loudest rung.  
 Nimble though young Hans might be,  
 Great though Claes' agility,  
 And though Jordan knew the way  
 Smartest things to Tryn to say,  
 Whether jump, joke, sing or bawl,  
 Cripple will eclipse them all.

But, as on that Village green,  
 Just the same is elsewhere seen:  
 For in Town-life much the same,  
 Cripple oft will lead the game:  
 Though to limp is all he can,  
 Cripple is a clever man,  
 And whatever may befall,  
 Cripple must be first of all.

Is it not a curious thing,  
 When thereto our thoughts we bring,  
 That a shallow-pated fool  
 Just escaped from boarding school,  
 Wanting mere common sense,  
 Full of prate and vain pretence,

Is the first to have his say,  
 And, unask'd, will lead the way  
 With opinions and conceits,  
 Where the world-wise hesitates?  
 Would you know whence this derives?  
 'Tis that wisdom flower drives:  
 Wise men ever cautious weigh  
 That which they may have to say;  
 Give opinions ne'er by guess,  
 Nor unask'd their thoughts express;  
 But a Fool, all haste that he  
 Something may be thought to be,  
 Do or say, be what it may,  
 Will in all things lead the way.  
 Hence the saying doth derive,  
 "Fools are they who fastest drive,"  
 And its well known proverb twin,  
 "Cripple will the dance begin."

**F**ATALIS imperitiæ pedissequa est Impudentia, et inanis jactatio.

At initium Sapientiæ, imperitiæ suæ agnitio.

Spes est melior de stulto, quàm de sapiente in oculis suis.—*Arab. Adag.*

QUI plus balbutiunt, plus loquuntur.

L'ABBATU veut toujours lutter.

GODT beware my voor jemant die maer een boeckrken gelesen heeft.

HOE slimmer timmer-man, hoe meerder spaenders.

VEEL roemen melt een dommen geest:

Een ydel vat bomt aldermeest.

Hoe slimmer wiel, hoe meer het raest.

EEN penning in den spaer-pot maeckt meer geraes dan als hy vol is.

C'EST la plus meschante rouë du chariot, qui mène le plus grand bruit.

*In another sense.*

QUANDO la cornemusa è piena, comincia à sonare.

When the bag-pipe's full it begins to sound.

STULTUM, quàm semi-stultum ferre, facilius est.—*Ben-Syra.*

**A**H wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,  
 Burne not this sacred Church, to raise thy fame:  
 For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,  
 Yet ought it not be thus destroy'd by thee:  
 Trust me impiety every where is nought,  
 And Heath'ns their heathen profaneness dearly bought:  
 Let Tolose gold, and Delphus robbery,  
 And Hammons sandy ire this testifie:  
 It's thine, not my default, for I was made  
 For sacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.  
 Nothing so harmeleffe and so good can be,  
 Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



HE IS THE WISEST MAN

WHO DOES NOT THINK HIMSELF SO.



GLI DENARI SONO SPIRITI FOLLETTI.

*Feu, Toux, Amour, et Argent ne se cachent longuement.*



AMORES DOLORES Y DINEROS

NON PUEDEN ESTAR SECREDOS.

FIRE, COUGH, LOVE, AND MONEY, ARE NOT LONG  
CONCEALED.

**T**HIS Candle I would carry so  
That neighbours cannot see  
A gleam of Light that may in aught  
Reveal a glimpse of me;  
For if I can, no one will watch  
Me then, and I may go

QUIS ENIM BENE CELET AMOREM ?



Where'er I list, without the fear  
 That any one will know.  
 But still, in spite of all I do,  
 I fear the light is seen;  
 Its rays still stream thro' all the holes  
 And Lanthorn's chinks between;  
 Whatever care I take, howe'er  
 I strive to shade it o'er,  
 Some gleams pierce thro' behind, or at  
 The side, or thro' the door.  
 My neighbour's very old, and as  
 Old people often are,  
 He's very much afflicted with  
 A cough, and bad catarrhe;  
 But ne'ertheless, strange though it seem,  
 As ev'ry one must own,  
 The good man has a great dislike  
 To lie at night alone.  
 He's courting a young maiden now,  
 And while he's so engaged,  
 He strives his best to stop the cough,—  
 But 'twill not be assuag'd:  
 And while he sits and looks his best,  
 To make his courtship sure,  
 The sprightly lass, tho' striving all  
 She can to look demure,  
 Says, that is not the Music a  
 Young Maiden's heart to gain,  
 And bids him rest content to sleep  
 Alone, and not complain:  
 But if a Wife he's bent to have,  
 The best thing he can do,  
 Is one of his own age to choose,  
 Who has a bad cough too.  
 A fellow who to gain his bread,  
 Runs errands here and there,  
 Found recently, a purse well fill'd  
 With ducats, in the Square:

EN HET OOG SWIERT ALTIJT

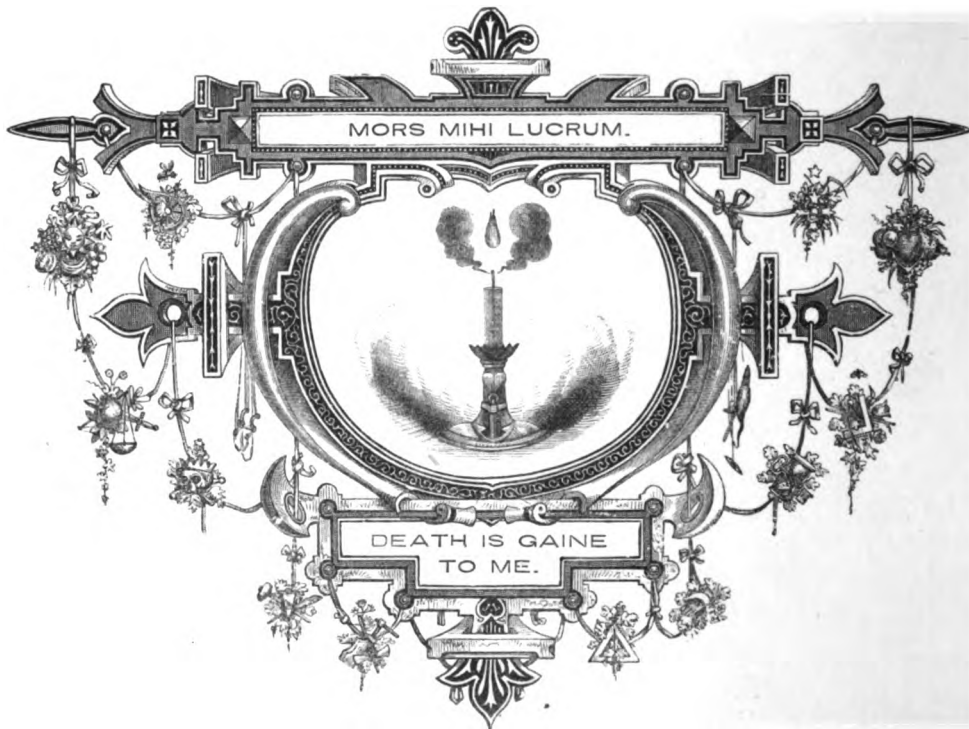
DAER EEN JEUGDIGH HERTE VRIJT.

With joy elate he took it home,  
 And to his Wife he said:  
 Look here! dear Trijn! I've found a prize!  
 Our fortune now is made!  
 But you! you must not breathe a word;  
 So mind you what you do!  
 No one, Trijn, save yourself, must aught  
 Of this good Wind-fall know!  
 No longer now with messages  
 Will I run here and there;  
 But like a Burgher live at ease,  
 And have the best of cheer!  
 Therefore stitch thou this purse inside  
 Thy sleeve, or else somewhere.  
 Trijn swore she would, and with an oath  
 To take the best of care.  
 But, mark! e'en from that very time,  
 The Wife began to spend;  
 Drefs fine, prate large, and treat or this  
 Or that dear-gossip-friend;  
 The Man, too, he will go no more  
 With messages—not he;  
 Such paltry jobs he says are quite  
 Beneath his dignity.  
 The Daughter, she is drefs'd as fine—  
 The babe put out to nurse,  
 'Tis wondrous strange! but money ne'er  
 Will stop within the purse!  
 At length the truth gets wind, and lo!  
 The man is prisoner made,  
 And mourns within a cell, that he  
 Had left an honest trade.  
 The sprightly Trijn in sorrow blames  
 Her foolish spendthrift-riot;  
 And all because the money would  
 Not rest in peace and quiet.

**M**Y Light is gone, yet hope doth still remaine,  
 That Light revived shall me quick'n againe.  
 I gaine by death, for so I longer last,  
 Life shall returne, after some houres are past.

All of us dye, when this our threed is spunne,  
 And cut, deaths drousie sleepe is then begunne.  
 After the ghuest is gone, the Innes decay,  
 Our body's turn'd to rubbish and to clay;  
 Untill the soule returning doe possesse  
 Our bodies in Eternall happinesse.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



AMOR, E TOSSE, E ROGNA

CELAR NON TE BESOGNA.

~ BUT IT TRANSPIRES. ~

EVERY ONE SPEAKS AS HE IS.

*Elck Vogeltje singt soo't gebeckt is.*



EVERY ONE SINGS AS HE HAS THE GIFT,

AND MARRIES AS HE HAS THE LUCK.

EVERY BIRD SINGS ACCORDING TO HIS BEAK.

**T**IS an old Saying and a true,  
That ev'ry bird sings its own note;  
Nor can it any other do  
But as permits its beak and throat.  
Whene'er you rove thro' field or wood,  
And well attend with ears and eyes,

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

You'll find the Proverb juſt and good,  
 Whate'er the bird in ſhape or ſize.  
 Thoſe which a hook'd ſharp beak have got,  
 Are for the moſt part Birds of Prey,  
 And bent alone on War, they wot  
 No note of ſong or miſtreſſy.  
 Whene'er near rivers, lake or flood  
 You chance a flat-beak'd bird to meet,  
 From groping in the ſluſh and mud,  
 Be ſure his voice is never ſweet.  
 The birds with longer flute-like beak,  
 Might more be thought to ſong inclin'd,  
 But in their thrumming note and ſhriek,  
 No turn for melody you'll find.  
 I therefore ſay,—as far as ſize  
 And ſhape of beak,—nor fear proteſt,  
 That of all birds beneath the ſkies,  
 The little beaks they ſing the beſt.  
 E'en thus among mankind, we ſee,  
 God gives the little now and then,  
 A talent rare and quality  
 Which He gives not to bigger men.  
 Of little beaks, what bird like he  
 Which night-thro' ſings in wood and dale?  
 That feather'd Soul of Harmony,  
 That little beak, the Nightingale!  
 And would you ſeek a tuneful throat,  
 You'll find throughout the feather'd throng,  
 The greater beak the harſher note,  
 The ſmaller beak the ſweeter ſong.  
 As with the Fowls of earth and air,  
 Not ſo with Man—he hath no beak,  
 But in his mouth beyond compare  
 The nobler Godlike power to ſpeak!  
 And when he ſpeaks in ſpirit kind,  
 What note of bird more ſoftly ſweet  
 To breathe the muſic of the mind,  
 When kindred hearts and ſpirits meet!

EVERY LAND ITS OWN CUSTOM.

EVERY WHEEL TO ITS OWN SPINDLE.



But when the mouth of Man outpours  
 The blast of Passion's wrathful breath,  
 The Lion not more fiercely roars  
 His angry note of blood and death!  
 Hence what befalls mankind between,  
 Comes from a deeper source express'd,  
 Where sits, by ev'ry eye unseen  
 But God's, the impulse of the breast.  
 The Mouth commands, implores, decries,  
 As moves the Heart, and gives thereto  
 The tone which most its will implies,  
 By force or softness to subdue.  
 Hence ye who speak in bitter tone,  
 And fiercely wound another's heart,  
 Beware, and learn to curb thine own,  
 Lest it repay thee smart for smart.

As "by his ears the Ass is known,"  
 A truth which no one can impeach,  
 "The Man," as Proverbs long have shewn,  
 "Is known as truly by his speech."

—  
 DIE rede verrath das hertz.

The speech betrays the man.

Au chant cognoit on l'oiseau,  
 Et au parler le bon cerveau.

Al suono si cognosce la saldezza del vaso.

Was der Man kan,  
 Zeiget seine rede an.

NABAL nabala idaber.—*Turkish Adage.*

*Id est,*

STULTUS stulta loquitur.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.—*Matthew xii. 34.*

**N**ATURE propounds a dilemme, chuse I muſt,  
 Either to dye by light, or rot by ruſt :  
 If I ſeeke eaſe and reſt, then laſineſſe  
 Doth me conſume with mouldy hoarineſſe ;  
 But if I love to ſhine with glorious ray,  
 Then by my flames in teares I melt away.  
 Patience doth light'n this evill: I wiſh to live  
 In glorious light, and light to others give,  
     This life is worne out with laborious toile,  
     And ſlothfull reſt doth minde and body ſpoile ;  
     But yet it's better for to dye a ſparke,  
     Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



ALL ARE NOT HUNTERS THAT BLOW THE HORN.

ALL HEADS ARE NOT SENSE BOXES.

A STILL TONGUE MAKES A WISE HEAD.

*On ne prend Lièvre au Tabourin, ny Oiseau à la Tartevelle.*



SILENCE SELDOM DOTH HARM.

SILENCE IS WISDOM, AND GETS FRIENDS.

HARES ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH BEAT OF DRUM,  
NOR BIRDS WITH TARTLETS.

**H**E who by beat of drum would catch a hare,  
Took the best means his purpose to defeat;  
For soon as Puss the noise began to hear,  
With ears erect she quickly left her feat,

A MUCHA PAROLA OBRA POCA.

And making nimbly for the nearest wood,  
 Within its leafy cover got away,  
 Leaving our friend and dogs, however good,  
 But little chance their fleetness to display :  
 So that at eve, returning from his sport,  
 With empty game-bags and dejected look,  
 He found but little reason to report  
 His strange device—for not a hare he took !  
 He who in Council sits, or would attain  
 Knowledge of aught, or see his plans succeed,  
 Of all things first his tongue should well restrain,  
 Nor speak a word beyond the matter's need :  
 For he who lets his tongue his wits outrun,  
 And blabs his business into all men's ears,  
 Will find it spoil'd e'er yet it hath begun,  
 And reap no other harvest than their jeers.  
 In Love affairs as in State Government,  
 The Lover and the Prince succeeds the best,  
 Who Silence keeps upon his mind's intent,  
 Nor e'en permits his purpose to be guess'd.  
 Nothing by chatter ever yet was done,  
 Conquest achiev'd, nor battle ever won ;  
 But who with " still tongue " doth his aim pursue,  
 Wins best as Lover, and as Warrior too.

Πάσαι τὸ σιγᾶν φάρμακον βλάβης ἔχω.—ÆSCHYL. *Agam.*

*Id est,*

SILERE pridem remedium damnis puto.  
 EXIMIA est Virtus, præstare silentia rebus :  
 At contra gravis est culpa, tacenda loqui.—OVID, 2 *Art.*

WEISE Leut' haben ihren Mund em Herzen.

Alle vogels schouwen d'openbare netten.

CHI dice tutto quel ch'egli sa, fa tutto quel ch'egli può, e mangia ciò ch'egli ha ;  
 non gli resta niente.

SAG' nicht Alles das Du weist,  
 Glaub' nicht Alles das Du hörest,  
 Thue nicht Alles das Du kannst,  
 Wisse nicht Alles das Du liest.

MULTORUM conscii pauca loquuntur.

IN irā nihil decentius quā cū adest silentium. PLUTARCH. *de Cohib. Irā.*

VESTIGATORIBUS et venatoribus diurni nocturnique labores essent irriti, si non silentio priusquā venabulis et impetu, feras interciperent.

CAROL PASCHAL. *Virt. et Vit. cap. 32.*

QUI veut prendre oiseau, ne faut l'effaroucher.

*Silence is the Sanctuary of Prudence.*

A RESOLVE loudly expressed was never yet much esteemed. He who declares his intentions, exposes himself to censure, and if he does not succeed he is doubly unfortunate.

A man is always in time to speak, but not to refrain from speaking. We should speak as we make a Will; the fewer the words the less ground for law-suits. We should accustom ourselves thereto in matters of little moment, so that we may not fail to do so in affairs of importance. Whosoever is prompt to speak, is always upon the point of being conquered and convinced.

A heart without a secret is an open letter. Where there is depth, the secrets lie deep; for there must be great space, and a great vacuum, which will hold all that is thrown into it. Reserve derives from the great controul a man has over himself, and that is a real triumph. We pay tribute to all to whom we disclose our affairs. The security of Prudence consists in interior moderation. The things we would do should be kept to ourselves, and those which may be told may not be good to do.\*

WE should hear and see, but thereby be silent.—GRACIAN'S *Maxims*.

S'IL y a beaucoup d'art à parler, il n'y en a pas moins à se taire.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

\* It was said of POPE ALEXANDER VI. and of his Son the DUC DE VALENTINOIS, that the father never did what he said, and the son never said what he did.



THE carefull Matrone in her cell below,  
 Let fall a groat, yet where she did not know :  
 Forthwith she tinnes a Light, then with her broome  
 She neatly sweepes the corners of the roome:  
 Thus from the dust and darkenesse when she finds it,  
 More than the Phrygian Midas wealth she mindes it.

Our foule a divine sparke since that it fell  
 Into Cimmerian darkenesse of this cell,  
 The foules true knowledge doth appeare no more  
 Which goeth beyond Pygmalions richest store.  
 Then must we light Cleanthes Lamp and find  
 By study, the lost treasure of our mind.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



LITTLE CHIPS KINDLE A LARGE FIRE.

*Culex fodit oculum Leonis.*



LITTLE ENEMIES AND LITTLE WOUNDS

ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

THE GNAT STINGS THE EYES OF THE LION.

**F**RRIENDS! come here and lift to me!  
Something strange I would relate;  
Should it prove of use to thee,  
That will me well compensate.  
Though so strong the Lion be,  
Though so full of Majesty,

LITTLE BROOKS MAKE GREAT RIVERS.

Though his eyes so fiercely gleam,  
 And so terrible he seem;  
 That no man, whoe'er he be,  
 Can unmov'd his anger see;  
 Yet the gnat, though he's so small,  
 And so flight of limb withal,  
 Is so wond'rous brave and keen,  
 That the Lion oft is seen  
 Fill'd with dread as soon as he  
 Gnats perceives but two or three!  
 Yet the gnat doth not attack  
 Slyly, or behind his back;  
 But, first, like a gen'rous foe,  
 Scorning all advantage low,  
 When the Lion comes in fight,  
 Sounds his challenge to the fight;  
 And forthwith bids him prepare  
 All his fiercest wrath to bear.  
 Nor doth he assault his foe  
 Where he least defence can show;  
 Though so small, yet keenly bold,  
 Like a Paladin of old,  
 He the Lion scorns t' assail,  
 On the flank or on the tail.  
 Front to front in open fight,  
 Heedless of the Lion's might,  
 Headlong at his face he flies,  
 And attacks his rage-lit eyes.  
 Where the Lion best can see  
 All his foe's hostility,  
 There the gnat, his rage despite,  
 Rushing 'mid their flashing light,  
 Deeply stings the fount of fight;  
 Till half blind and mad with pain,  
 The Lion flees across the plain.

Let Arrogance by this be taught,  
 That whatsoe'er its Strength and Size,

There's nothing with more danger fraught  
 Than what is little, to despise;  
 There's neither man nor brute so great  
 But, like the Lion pictur'd here,  
 May learn to rue the wrath and hate  
 Of that which seem'd too small to fear.

**I**NIMICUM quamvis humilem docti est metuere  
 A cane non magno sæpè tenetur aper.—*OVID. Art.*

LEO etiam minimarum avium fit pabulum.—*CURTIVS.*

UN petit homme abat bien grand' chesne.

EEN kleyn man, met een kleyn geweer,  
 Velt wel een grooten boom ter neer.

INEST et formicæ sua bilis.  
 Habet et musca splenem.

ET pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.—*MARTIAL, 1. Ep. 4.*

NE despicias debilem; nam Culex fodit oculum leonis.—*STRABO.*

A MOUSE in tyme maye bite in two a cable.—*Old English Proverb.*

TREAD a worm on the tayle, and it wil turne againe.—*Ibid.*

'Twas the Mouse that set the Lion free.—*Ibid.*

WEN der feind ist wie ein omeiss,  
 So halt ihn doch für ein elephant.

UN petit moucheron pique bien un grand cheval.

EEN Kat siet wel op een Koning.

A CAT maye looke at a Kinge.—*Old English Proverb.*

IL n'y a si grand, ni si sage,  
 Qui de petit n'ait bien dommage.

IL est bien petit qui ne peut nuire.

GESELLEN, wilt uw wel beraden,  
 Hy is wel klein die niet kan schaden.

IL n'est pas sage qui n'a peur d'un fol.

Es ist nicht an der grosse gelegen,  
 Sonst erlieff eine kuh einen hasen.

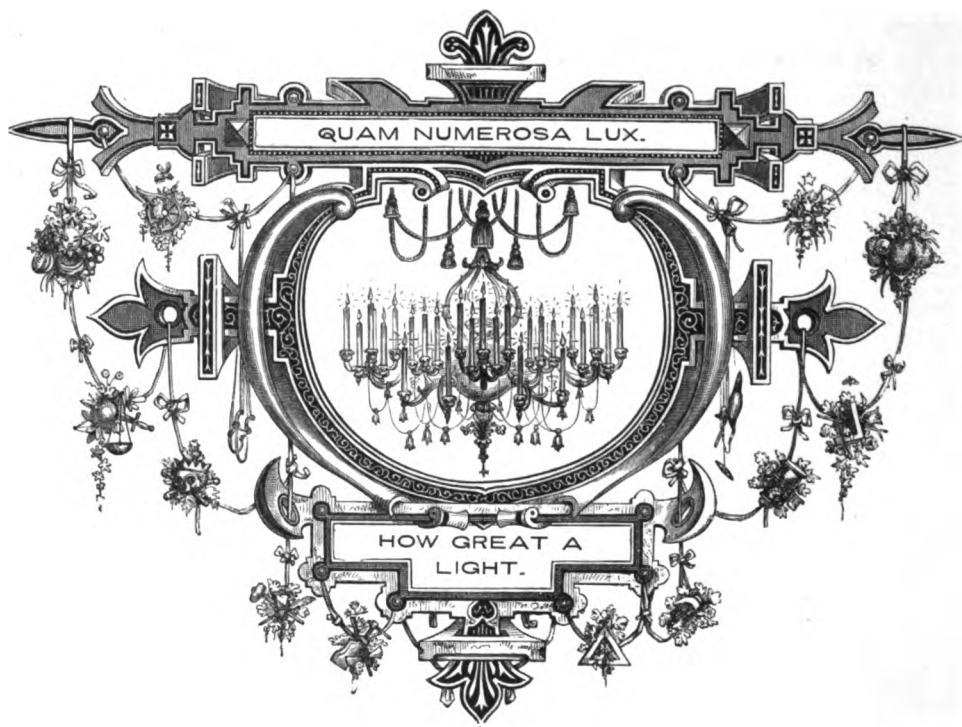
GRANDE Ville rien dedans;  
 Petite chose nuist souvent.

ANCHE la moscha ha la sua collera.

ONE candle dispels the darkeneffe of the night,  
 And many doe resemble Phœbus light :  
 One Sunne illight'ns the round globe every where,  
 What way th' horizon bounds the hemisfhere :  
 If you ten thousand thousand Sunnies should see  
 At once, O what a daylight would that be !

When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead,  
 When Earth and Sea shall render up their dead,  
 Saints more then starres at once shall mount on hye.  
 As glorious Sunnes, to meete Christ in the skye.  
 That day shall drive away the darkeneffe so,  
 That after that, no day shall darkeneffe know.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



DESPISE NOT A SMALL WOUND, A POOR KINSMAN,

OR AN HUMBLE ENEMY.



TRY YOUR FRIEND ERE YOU TRUST HIM.

*Amis sont comme le Melon ; De dix souvent pas un de bon.*



LIKE MELONS, FRIENDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN PLENTY,  
OF WHICH NOT EVEN ONE IS GOOD IN TWENTY.

**I**N choosing Friends, it's requisite to use  
The self-same care as when we Melons choose :  
No one in haste a Melon ever buys,  
Nor makes his choice till three or four he tries ;  
And oft indeed when purchasing this fruit,  
Before the buyer can find one to suit,

TRY THE ICE BEFORE YOU VENTURE ON IT.

IF HE KEEP IT SECRET, THEN TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

TRY YOUR FRIEND WITH A FALSEHOOD AND,

He's e'en obliged t' examine half a score,  
And p'rhaps not find one when his search is o'er.  
Be cautious how you choose a friend;  
For Friendships that are lightly made,  
Have seldom any other end  
Than grief to see one's trust betray'd!

BEPROEF uw vrient,  
Beproef uw sweet,  
Dat is uw groote schatten weert.

Who from mishap himself would guard,  
Must prove his Friend as he'd prove his sword.

LES amis sout comme le melon,  
Il faut essayer plusieurs, pour rencontrer un bon.

LE compagnon ou l'ami qui se tourne à inimitié, n'est-il pas une tristesse qui demeure jusque à la mort?—*Syrach. xxxvii. 2.*

ESPROUVE tes amis selon ton pouvoir.—*Ibid. ix. 21.*

Si tu acquiers un ami, acquiers-le en l'esprouvant, et ne te fie point en luy légèrement.—*Ibid. vi. 7.*

Κρίνει φίλους ὁ καιρὸς, ὡς χρυσὸν τὸ πῦρ.—MENANDER.

*Id est,*

AURUM probatur igne, amicus tempore.

As Fire, of Gold is e'er the surest test,  
So Time doth prove the worth of Friendship best.

THERE is nothing better or more advantageous to mankind than prudent Diffidence ; 'tis the guard and preservation of our lives and fortunes, our own security obliges us to it ; without it there would be no caution, without which no safety. . . . For who can secure himself of Man's heart, hid in the privatest corner of the breast, whose secrets the tongue dissembles, the eyes and all the motions of the body contradict.—ASTRY'S *Saavedra Faxardo.*

THE heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : Who can know it?—*Jeremiah xvii. 9.*

*False Judgment of the Many.*

——FORTUNE now

To my heart's hope!—gold, silver and base lead.  
 "Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath."  
 You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—  
 "Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire."  
 What many men desire!—That many may be meant  
 Of the fool multitude, that choose by Show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:  
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
 Even in the force and road of casualty.  
 I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*.

BE not in haste to make new friends, nor to abandon those thou hast.—SOLON.

THE friendship of one wise man is better than that of a host of fools.—DEMOCRITUS.

CONTRACT no friendships with persons of less worth than yourself; you will derive more harm than benefit from them.—CONFUCIUS.

IF you desire to know a man's sentiments towards you, consult him upon something which interests you; his reply will reveal to you his whole heart, and whether he is your friend or your enemy.—PLATO.

TAKE not your friends at hazard; attach yourself only to men worthy of your friendship.—ISOCRATES.

THE friendship of the wicked has no duration; but Time worketh no change in the friendship of the good.—*Ibid.*

AMICUM ita habeas, posse ut fieri hunc inimicum scias.—LABERIUS.

Be on such terms with your friend as if you knew that he may one day become your enemy.

It is better to untie, than to break a friendship.—CATO.

OUR friends sometimes exhibit vices which have long been concealed. The best thing then to be done is to abate your intercourse gradually. You should unstitch, but not tear.—CICERO.

IN secret silence of the night what's done  
 Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne  
 Phœbus did Mars and Venus love betray,  
 And turning backe did greater crimes bewray :  
 What I doe see when witnesse is asleepe,  
 That like Harpocrates I closely keepe.

Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,  
 What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

*FARLIE'S Emblems.*

TRUST NO SECRETS TO A FRIEND, WHICH,



IF REPORTED, WOULD BRING INFAMY.

TRUST NOT A GREAT WEIGHT TO A SLENDER THREAD.



EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF AND GOD FOR US ALL.

*Ogni Gallo ruspà à se.*



EVERY MAN WISHES THE WATER TO HIS AIN MILL.

EVERY MAN DOTHS HIS OWN BUSINESS BEST.

EVERY COCK SCRATCHES TOWARDS HIMSELF.

**G**ENTLE Reader, would you see—  
Would you somewhat wish to know  
Life, depicted truthfully,  
And how things in this World go?  
Simple though this Emblem be,  
In these busy Fowls you'll find,

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, QUO' THE MARTIN.



Symbolised most faithfully,  
 Type most apt of Human Kind.  
 Well observe how ev'ry one,  
 Picking, scratching here and there,  
 Looks to self, and self alone,  
 Reckless how his neighbours fare.  
 Not a bird among them all  
 Shews another bird a grain,  
 Tells him where he saw one fall,  
 Nor assists, that he may gain :  
 Each, on his sole profit bent,  
 Plies with beak and claws apace ;  
 Woe to those who, negligent,  
 Lose their chance, or miss the place !  
 Poultry of the self-same mould,  
 Grasping, snatching all they can,  
 Have been found 'mong Young and Old,  
 Ever since the World began.  
 Hence, young friends, if you would get  
 Something in Life's Scramble too,  
 Keep a sharp look-out, nor let  
 Others snatch the grain from you.

PROXIMUS sum egomet mihi.—TERENT. *Aud.* iv. 1.

Wie brengt'er water tot zijn buer-mans huys, als zijn eygen huys brant ?

ELCK wil de boter op zijn koeck hebben.

ELCK voor hem selven, en Godt voor ons allen.

CHACUN tire l'eau à son moulin.

CHACUN estudie pour soy.

CHACUN tire à son profit.

QUISQUE suæ casæ.

A LA Cour du Roy

Chacun pour soy.

AIDE TOI, DIEU T'AIDERAS.

Es denckt ein yeder in seinen Sack.

OGNI grillo grilla à se.  
Ognun tira l'acqua al suo mulino.

TUTTI vogano alla galiota.  
Tirano à se.

OGNIUNO caccia con la rete al suo fratello.

LES vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer.

*Doet uw Saecken met Verstant.*

A KING of England being at table in the house of one of his Courtiers, and finding the dwelling spacious and full of costly furniture and plate, although the owner had been in but very narrow circumstances previous to his appointment to the office he then held, the King became very desirous to learn from him how he amassed so much valuable property in so short a period: assuring him at the same time that no mischief should come to him if he told the truth. Whereupon the Courtier, thus pressed, said incontinently, that he had always been a man of exceeding diligence and industry: that he had constantly made it a rule to rise early in the morning, and always looked after his own concerns first; having completed which, he then attended to the King's business. Upon this the King made answer that he should have just done the very reverse; that he should have first minded the King's business, and then his own. The Courtier forthwith assured the King that he had thereby never done the least prejudice to his Majesty's affairs; for that he had only appropriated the time passed by others in sleep to the care of his own personal concerns; having effected which, he still got to the duties of his Office before those who, having indulged in long sleep, had got to theirs, and had neglected their own affairs.

COLLIGE, non omni tempore messis erit.

Vergader graen in uwe schuren,  
De Oegst en sal niet eeuwigh dueren.

Es ist alle tage Jagen-tag,  
Aber nit alle tage fange-tag.

PROVISION faite en saison,  
Fait de bien à la maison.

SELF'S THE MAN.

EVERY FOX LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN SKIN.

EVERY MAN IS DEAREST TO HIMSELF.

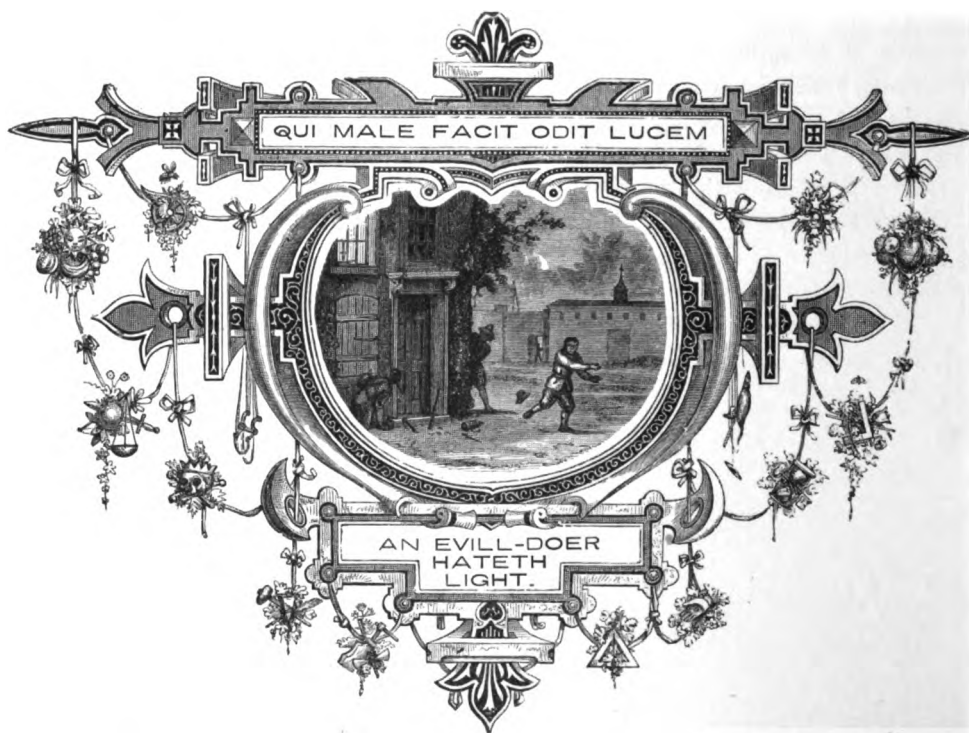
**W**HILST theeves doe digge at middle of the night,  
Working the works of darkenesse, not of Light;  
No sooner through the window they me spy  
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.  
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,  
Simply revealing, what they falsely hide.

There was a time when all in darkenesse lay,  
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;  
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,  
Seeking in hearts and houses his abroad;  
But since that Christs bright Starre had shewne his Light,  
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

EVERY ONE THINKS HIS OWL, A FALCON.

EVERY MAN THINKS HIS OWN GEESE, SWANS.



~~~~~ MOST, TAKE ALL. ~~~~~

SHEW THE BEST SIDE TO LONDON.

Schoon voor-doen is half verkocht.



WELL SET-OFF IS HALF SOLD.

WHO would learn the art of wooing,
And ensure the most success:
Or acquire the art of doing
Winning things with most address;
Need not learned volumes open,
Writers old, in foreign speech,
But may see it plainly spoken
In the lesson I now teach.

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

MANNERS MAKE A MAN, QUOTH WILLIAM OF WICKHAM.

MANNERS OFTEN MAKE FORTUNES.

In your manner unpretentious,
 Yet, be diligent to show,
 Without being too sententious,
 All the pleasing things you know.

While you strive to please and serve all
 To attain the end in view,
 Well examine, and observe all
 Without seeming so to do.
 If in them you faults discover,
 Shew not you those faults perceive;
 But if difficult to smother,
 That they're flight, let them believe.
 By this rule abide in all things,
 And you'll be esteemed the more,
 Nothing in life more success brings
 Than to hide your neighbour's fore.

Or in wooing, or when married,
 Bear this maxim still in mind:
 Seldom Wedded Life miscarried
 Where both sides were somewhat blind.
 Shew your brighter side to all men,
 And shew them that you see theirs,
 Friends more readily you'll find then
 To advance your own affairs.
 Who most taste and judgment uses
 To display his wares to view,
 Best the Buyers eye seduces,
 And most quickly sells them too.

ET quâcunque potes dote placere, place.—OVID.

— OCCULE mendas,
 Quaque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.—*Idem.*

MULTA viros nescire decet. Pars maxima rerum
Offendit, si non interiora tegas.
Cui gravis oris odor, nunquàm jejuna loquatur:
Et semper spacio distet ab ore viri.
Si niger, aut ingens, aut non sit inordine natus
Deus tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres.—OVID.

Antè omnia tamen.

PRIMA sit in nobis morum tutela, puellæ:
Ingenio facies conciliante placet.

BRENGH alles by, o frissche Jeught,
Daer ghy uw lief, door maken meught.

METTRE en évidence et faire valoir les bonnes parties.

SCIPIO and other great men of antient and later times excelled in this useful art ;
one which Ovid especially recommends to the attention of young persons as a
fundamental rule of conduct.

C'EST la raison pourquoy les gens d'Estat conseillent aux Princes de monstrent leurs
bonnes parties et de dissimuler leurs imperfections ; imitant le bon Architecte, qui loge
(comme ils disent) ses plus beaux materiaux au frontispice de son bastiment.

JEAN MARNIX *aux Rers. Polit. Res.* 5.

AENSIEN doet Vryen.
Het oogh is leydsman van de min,
En vreught voor eerst de lusten in.
Wat het ooge niet en siet,
Dat begeert het herte niet.

Ex aspectu nascitur amor.

ASEYTA un cepo
Parecera mancebo.

ACCOUSTRE un tronq, il semblera un jeune adolescent.

—OCULI sunt in amore duces.—PROPERT. 2. *El.* 12.

CE qui plaist
Est à demy faict.

Was das aug nicht siht,
Beschwehrt das hertz nit.

Ἐκ τοῦ εἰσορᾶν γὰρ γένηται ἀνθρώποις ἐραῖ.

Id est,

Ex intuendo nascitur hominibus amor.
Ut vidi, ut perii!—VIRGIL.

MAKES A GOOD ENDING.

AT lengthe my Store of Light hath reach'd its ende,
 Nor have I wherewithal more light to lende;
 Grease spent, wick burned and smoake all passed away,
 Of Light berefte, what bootes it here to stay?
 Yet while I am permitted to remaine,
 It is to shewe that I may serve againe:
 In patient Hope I therefore byde my time,
 Until in me freshe Light the Fates do trimme;
 And if the grease and wick be equale goode
 To holde such Light I rest of willinge moode.

For while to serve, the means to us is given;
 Who willinge serve, shall have their faults forgiven.



KINDNESS IS THE NOBLEST WEAPON TO CONQUER WITH.

HE WHO GREASES HIS WHEELS HELPS HIS OXEN.

SMOOTH WORDS MAKE SMOOTH WAYS.

PERSEVERANCE ACHIEVES SUCCESS.

Geen Boom en valt ten eersten Slag.



PATIENCE SURPASSES. LEARNING.

HE THAT WANTS SHOULD NOT BE BASHFUL.

ONE STROKE FELS NOT AN OAK.

EH! friend, why then so sad, I pray?—
Thy woeful mien and looks betray
Some deep distress, some poignant grief,
To which I fain would bring relief.
Methinks some cros-grain'd, haughty maid
Hath thine affection ill repaid,—

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

HE WHO BEGINS AND DOES NOT FINISH,

Treated thy fuit with cold disdain,
 And bade thee from all hope refrain?—
 Yes, yes! Young man, I fee—I know
 'Tis that which thus dejects thee so;
 But never be like this cast down!
 Full many other men have known
 A like repulse, when first they strove
 To win a wav'ring woman's love.
 Come, come! arouse thee from this mood;
 It ill befits thee thus to brood,
 And fret, and fume so woebegone
 For loss of what may yet be won!
 Cast but thine eye upon this tree,
 And therefrom thou shalt quickly be
 Instructed in the art to gain
 The fair one who hath caused thy pain.
 This tree, which now so lowly lies,
 But lately lifted to the skies
 Its lofty crown; and though in size,
 And girth, and grain so fair and sound,
 Its pride is prostrate on the ground!
 Thou seem'st to wonder how 'twas done;
 How that alone the arm of one
 So great a conquest could achieve?
 Lift then to me, nor longer grieve;
 For as that oak was fell'd, so thou
 Thine haughty fair one's heart may'st bow.
 Arm'd with an axe of trenchant steel,
 I saw yon sturdy Woodman deal,
 In long repeat, stroke after stroke
 Against this massive heart of oak;
 Till with the oft repeated blow
 He brought the forest monarch low.

Learn thou from this, young man, no less,
 How truthful from all time was held
 The pithy Maxim for Success:
 "At the first stroke no tree is fell'd."

LOSES HIS LABOUR.

ARE HA'F A GRAUT.

Would'ft thou, my friend, as Lover fo fucceed,
Do thou the like, nor one repulfe bemoan,
Success, of Perfeverance is the meed;
"The constant drop will wear the hardest stone."

NON uno ictu dejicitur quercus.

OMNIA conando docilis solertia vincit.

MIT viel Streichen wird der Stockfisch lind.

VEEL slagen maken den Stock-vis murw.

Γῶν πόγων πωλοῦσι ἡμῖν πάντα τὰ γὰρ οἱ θεοί.—EPICT.

DII suas labore dotes esse venales volunt.

NUL bien sans peine.

OMNIA diligentiae subjiuntur.

DILIGENCE passe Science.

—PAR est fortuna labori.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.—ROWE.

Perseverance achieves Success.

MANY are the sayings of the Wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to Man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion fraught,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.—MILTON.

FIRST DESERVE, AND THEN DESIRE.

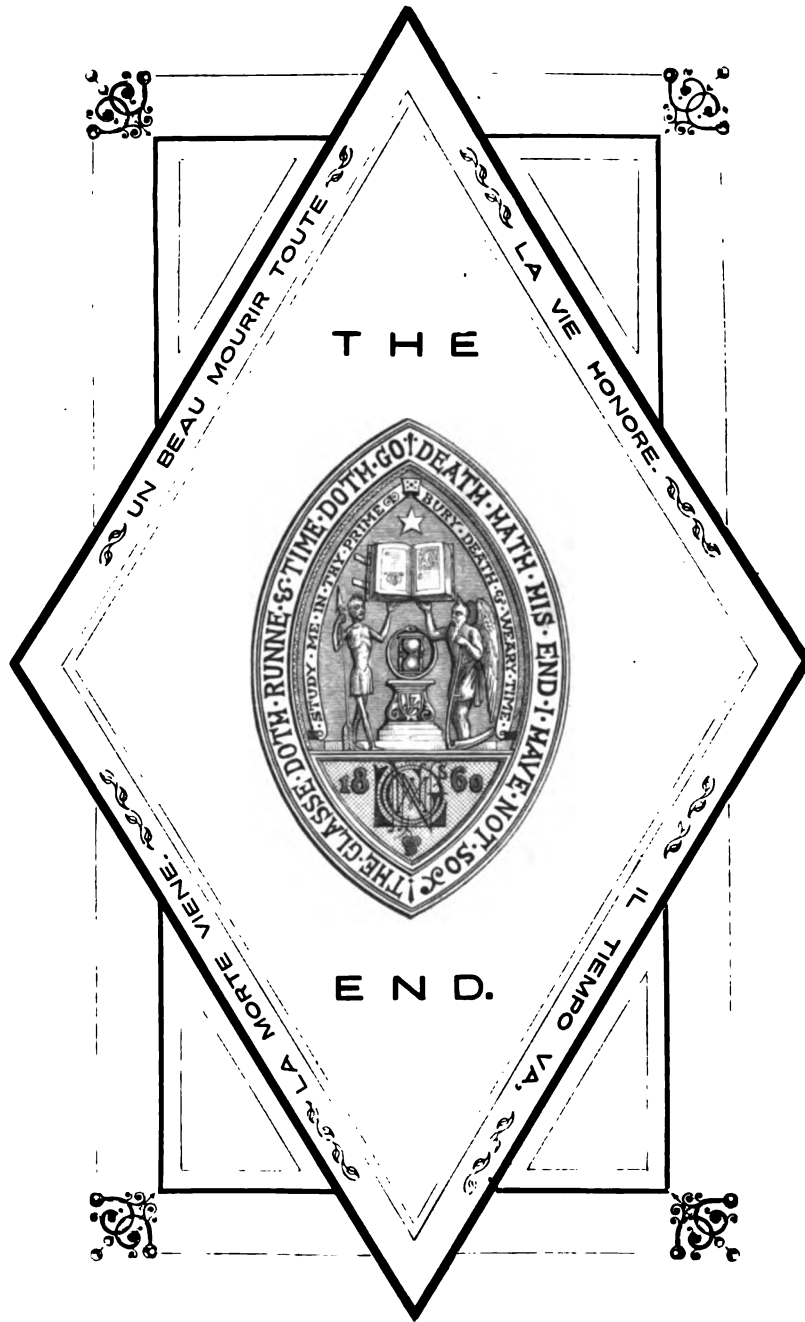
HE WHO SHOOT'S OFTEN, HITS AT LAST.

FORSAKE NOT THE MARKET FOR THE TOLL.

OUR THEME RELATES TO MAN.

MY CARE IS FOR THE FUTURE LIFE.

GOD ASSISTING, THERE IS NOTHING TO BE FEARED.



BEING ADMONISHED LET US FOLLOW BETTER THINGS.

~~JUN 1 1992~~

~~JUL 31 1992~~

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